

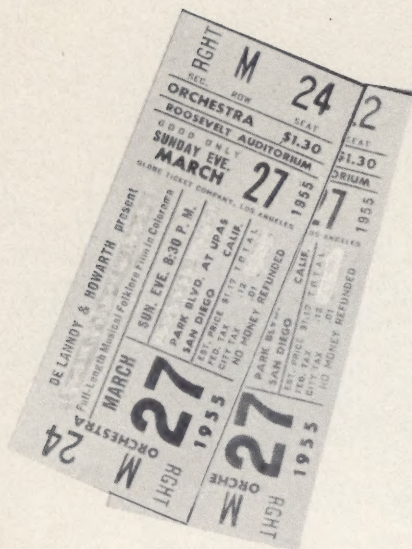
Escapade

OCTOBER 1955 50 cents





INTRODUCTION TO AN ESCAPE



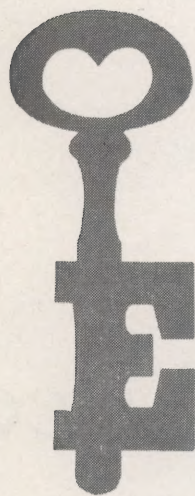
This is the first issue of a new magazine designed solely for the entertainment and amusement of the reader. We have no lofty plans to better the world; no Quixotic ideals about righting wrongs or airing grievances. That we intend to leave to the many publications already in the field of educating and enlightening society.

Our sole purpose — in this age of alarms, tensions, cold wars, hot nerves and neuroses — will be to afford the reader a pleasant interlude. If we can bestir a chuckle or an hour spent in relaxation and entertainment, we will feel that our job has been well done. To this end, therefore, we dedicate ourselves to the constant pursuit of what is pleasing to the eye and delectable to the artistic taste of that section of the public grown weary of gory headlines.

If we must be accused of leaning in any direction, let it be towards the Rabelaisian rather than "getting the facts, ma'm."

In this issue, we have served up for your dissection a pot-pourri of spice, wit and adult fun. It is not intended for the timid, nor the narrow-minded. For lovers of pin-up art (and we're certain to number most of our readers in this category), we have HENRY CLIVE, acknowledged master of this technique. There are strong fiction pieces by such divergent writers as RAY BRADBURY — the king of the off-beat and the science fiction story — and ERSKINE CALDWELL, who needs no introduction. You will find articles to suit a wide variety of tastes — ranging from an authoritative analysis of modern jazz to the gory realism of the bull-fight ring. Also considerable satire on everyday life and our established American customs. In the realm of art, there are selections from the Gallic master of satire — ANDRE FRANCOIS — and one of the lustier poems of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, whose very name bestirs the thought of passionate Lorelei offering up sacrifices to Eros.

We hope you will like this first offering and that you will be with us from month to month.



Escapade

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“THEY’RE odd,” I said. “The little Mexican couple.”

“How do you mean?” asked my wife.

“Listen,” I said.

Ours was a house deep back in among rusty tenements, to which another half-house had been added. My wife and I rented the additional quarters which lay walled up against one side of our parlor. Now, listening through that blank wall, we heard only our hearts beating softly.

“In three long years,” I whispered, “I’ve never heard a word spoken, a pan dropped, or the sound of a light switch. Good God, what are they *doing* in there?”

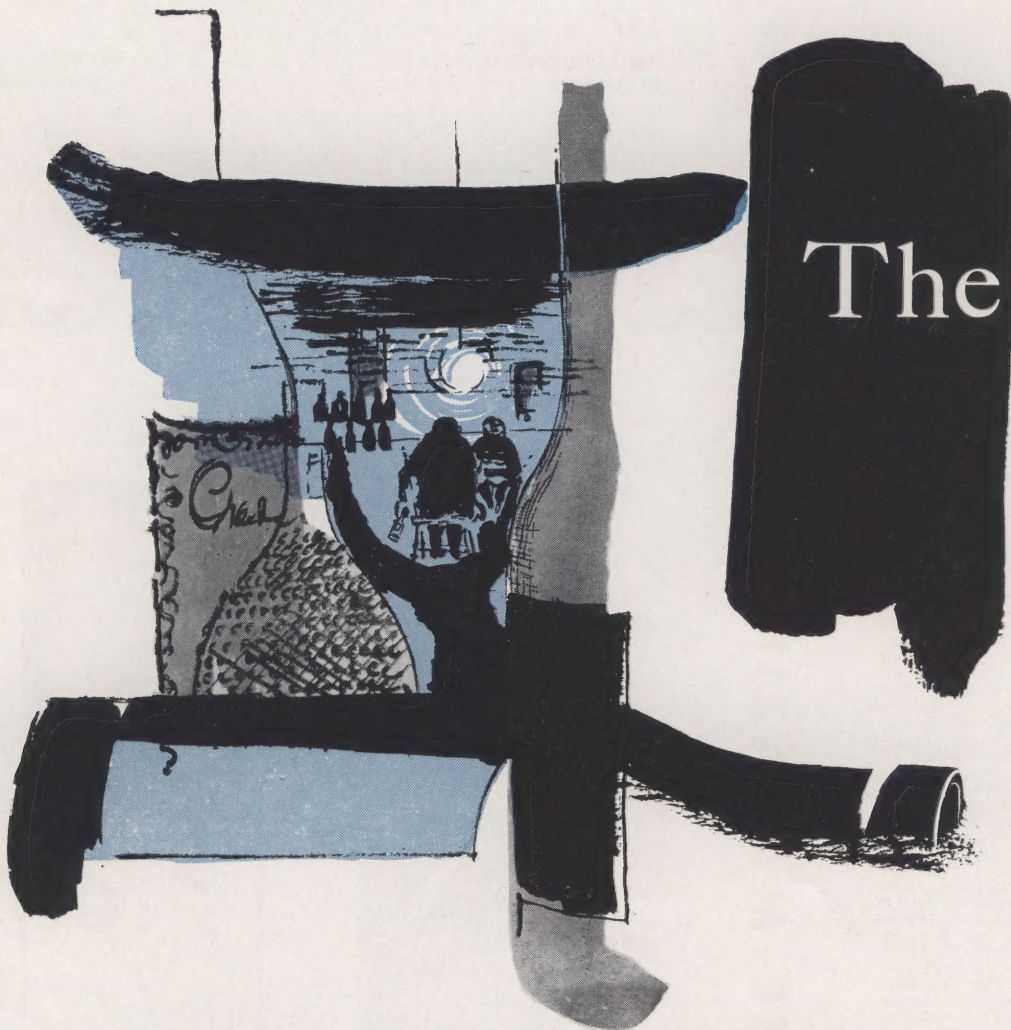
“It *is* peculiar,” said my wife.

“Only one light burning, a dim little blue 25-watt bulb in their living room. Look through their front door and there *he* is, sitting in his armchair, not speaking, his hands in his lap. There *she* is, sitting in the other armchair, looking at him, saying nothing. They don’t move.”

“I always think they’re not home,” said my wife. “But if you stare long enough, your eyes get used to the dark and you can make them out, sitting there.”

“Some day,” I said, “so help me God, I’m going to run in, switch on all their lights and yell! My God, if

By RAY BRADBURY



The Mice

(RAY BRADBURY, acknowledged master of science-fiction, probes the off-beat with this unusual story. “THE MICE” will be published next year in a collection of Bradbury short stories, and ESCAPADE is proud to introduce it to the American public.)

I can't stand their silence, how can they? They *can* talk, can't they?"

"When he pays the rent every month he says hello."

"What else?"

"Good-bye."

I shook my head. "If we meet in the alley he smiles and runs away."

My wife and I sat down for an evening of books, quiet conversation, and the symphony turned low on our radio. "Do they own a radio?"

"No radio, TV, or telephone. Not a book, magazine, or newspaper in their house. They *never* use the incinerator, that's how I know."

"Incredible!"

"Don't get excited."

"Yes, but you can't just sit around in a dark room for two or three years and not speak, not listen to radio, not read or even *eat*, can you? I've never smelled a steak or an egg frying! Hell, I don't think I've even heard them go to *bed*!"

"They're doing it to mystify us, dear."

"They've succeeded!"

Later in the evening I went out for a brief walk around the block. It was a nice warm summer night and I walked slowly and with great pleasure. Coming back, I glanced idly through the little Mexican couple's open front door. The dark silence was there, and the heavy shapes, sitting, and the little blue light burning. I stood a long time, half-turned, finishing my cigarette. It was only in moving to go that I saw him in his doorway, gazing out at me with his bland, plump face. He didn't move. He just stood there, watching me.

"Evening," I said.

Silence.

After a while he turned and moved away into the dark room.

The little Mexican left home at seven in the morning, alone, running down the alley, observing the same silence he kept in his rooms. She followed at eight a. m., walking carefully, all lump under her dark coat, a black hat balanced on her wildly uncombed hair. They had gone to work this way, remote and silent, for years.

"Where do they work?" I asked at breakfast.

"He's a blast-furnace man at U. S. Steel here. She sews in a dress lot somewhere."

"That's hard work."

I type a few pages of my novel, read, had my lunch, took a nap, typed some more, and then late in the afternoon, at five o'clock, I saw the little Mexican woman come home, unlock her door, hurry inside, hook the screen, and lock the door itself tight.

He arrived at six sharp, in a rush.

Once on their back porch, however, he became infinitely patient. Quietly, lightly, he raked his fingers over the screen. He waited. And then again, like a plump mouse, he scrabbled and picked softly at the door. He did not rap. There was only that soft rustling motion of his fingers, patiently. At last his wife came to let him in. I did not see their mouths move.

Not a sound during suppertime. No frying, no rattle of dishes. Nothing.

I saw their small blue lamp go on.

"That's how he is," said my wife, "when he pays the rent. Raps so quietly I don't hear. I just happen to glance out the window and there he is. God knows how long he's waited, standing, sort of 'nibbling' at the door."

Two nights later on a beautiful July evening, the little Mexican man came out on the back porch and looked at me working in my garden and said, "You're crazy!" He turned to my wife. "You're crazy, too!" He waved his plump hand. "I don't like you. Too much *noise*. I don't like you. You're crazy."

He went back into his little house.

August, September, October, November; the "mice," as we now referred to them, sat quietly in their dark nest. Once, my wife gave him some old magazines with his rent receipt. He accepted these politely, with a smile and a bow, but no word. An hour later she saw him put the magazines in the yard incinerator and strike a match.

The next day he paid the rent three months in advance, undoubtedly figuring he would only have to see us up close once every three months. When I saw him on the street, he crossed quickly to the other side to greet an imaginary friend. She, similarly, ran by me, smiling widely, bewildered, nodding. If their plumbing needed fixing, they went silently forth on their own, not telling us, and brought back a plumber who worked, it seemed, after hours, with a flashlight.

"Goddamnedest thing," he told me when I met him in the alley. "Damn fool place there isn't any light bulbs in the sockets. When I asked where they all were, damn it, they just *smiled* at me!"

I lay at night thinking about the little mice. Where were they from? Mexico, yes. What part? A farm, a small village somewhere by a brown river? Certainly no city or town. But a place where there were stars and dim lights and many darkneses, and the goings and comings of the moon and the sun they had known the better part of their lives. Yet here they were, far away from home, in an impossible city, he sweating out the yellow blast furnaces all day, she bent to jittering

needles in a sewing loft. They came home then to this block, through a loud city, avoided thunderous street-cars and saloons that screamed like red parrots along their way. Through a million shriekings they ran back to their parlor, their blue light, their comfortable chairs, and their silence. I often thought of this. Late at night I felt that if I put out my hands in the dark of my bedroom, I might feel cool adobe and hear a cricket and smell a river running by under the moon, and still later hear someone singing, softly, to a faint guitar . . .

Late one December evening the next-door tenement burned. Flames roared at the sky, charred bricks fell in avalanches and sparks flooded the roof where the quiet mice lived.

I pounded their door.

"Fire!" I cried. "Fire!"

I glanced through their front window.

They sat motionless in their blue-lighted room.

The fire engines arrived, all brass thunder, and a great gush of water fountained up over the tenement. More bricks crashed down. Four of them smashed holes in the little house. I climbed to the roof, extinguished the small fires there with a garden hose and then scrambled down, cursing, my face dirty and most of my fingers cut and bleeding. The door to the little house swung slowly open. The quiet little Mexican and his wife waited in the doorway, stolid and unmoved by my shout.

"Let me in! Great God, man, there's a hole in your roof! Some sparks may have fallen in your bedroom!"

I yanked the screen door wide and pushed past them.

"No!" the little man grunted.

"Ah!" The little woman ran in circles like a broken toy.

I was inside with my flashlight. The little man seized my arm.

I smelled his breath.

And then my flash light shot its beam through all the rooms of their house. Light sparkled on a hundred wine bottles standing in the hall, two hundred bottles shelved in the kitchen, six dozen ranked along the parlor wallboards, more of the same on bedroom bureaus and in closets. I do not know if I was more impressed with the hole in the bedroom ceiling or the endless glitter of so many bottles that I lost count. It was like an invasion of gigantic armored beetles, struck dead, deposited and left by some ancient disease.

In the bedroom I felt the little man and woman behind me in the doorway. I heard their loud breathing and I could feel their eyes. I raised the beam

(Continued on page 50)



*The "Purists," Stuck In A Ricky-Tick Groove,
Are Missing A Lot Of Real Excitement*

Almost as discomfoting as listening to some of today's music and musicians is reading the heavy-handed literature of the jazz purists, for the most part a lot of die-hard, two-beat critics to whom anything new and inventive is anathema. Their essays are sprinkled with the "great" names of the "great" days — Beiderbecke, McPartland, Singleton; they are inclined to ecstasies over an old guitar chorus by Eddie Lang; nothing important has happened in jazz since the early Duke, and Dixieland is the only authentic sound.

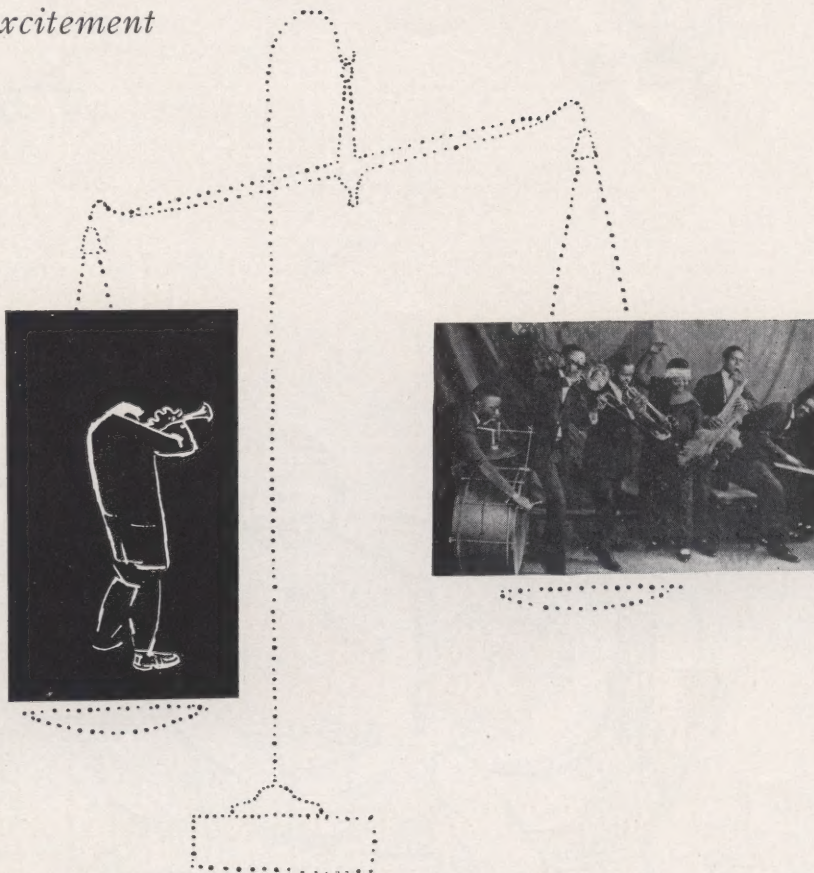
Well, nuts!

Not that they haven't a defense, of a sort. By emphasizing the putrid tastes of the modern public, with its mania for rhythm-and-blues, country "swing" and the chortlings of the Eddie Fishers and Joni Jameses, they can make the valid point that better music was being played in, say, 1925.

What a lot of them forget, though, is that public taste was just as awful in 1925 as it is today. Art Hickman sold 100 records to every platter by any group featuring Bix; for Negro musicians and authentic blues, you had to look under the "race" section of your record catalogue.

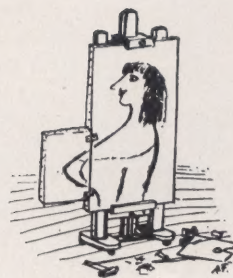
It was in 1928, as I recall, that I visited the sound stage where Paul Whiteman was recording for "The King of Jazz," a picture that is generally credited with establishing a whole new set of techniques for "talking pictures." With Whiteman on the podium, the 25 or so men of his orchestra were doing a number called "A Bench In The Park," with Bing Crosby on the vocal. Whiteman's band of that period employed virtually every great name in music; the pianos were played by Bob Zuerke and Ferdie Grofe; both the Teagardens were in the group, along with Miff Mole and Frankie Trambauer; Eddie Lang was

(Continued on page 24)



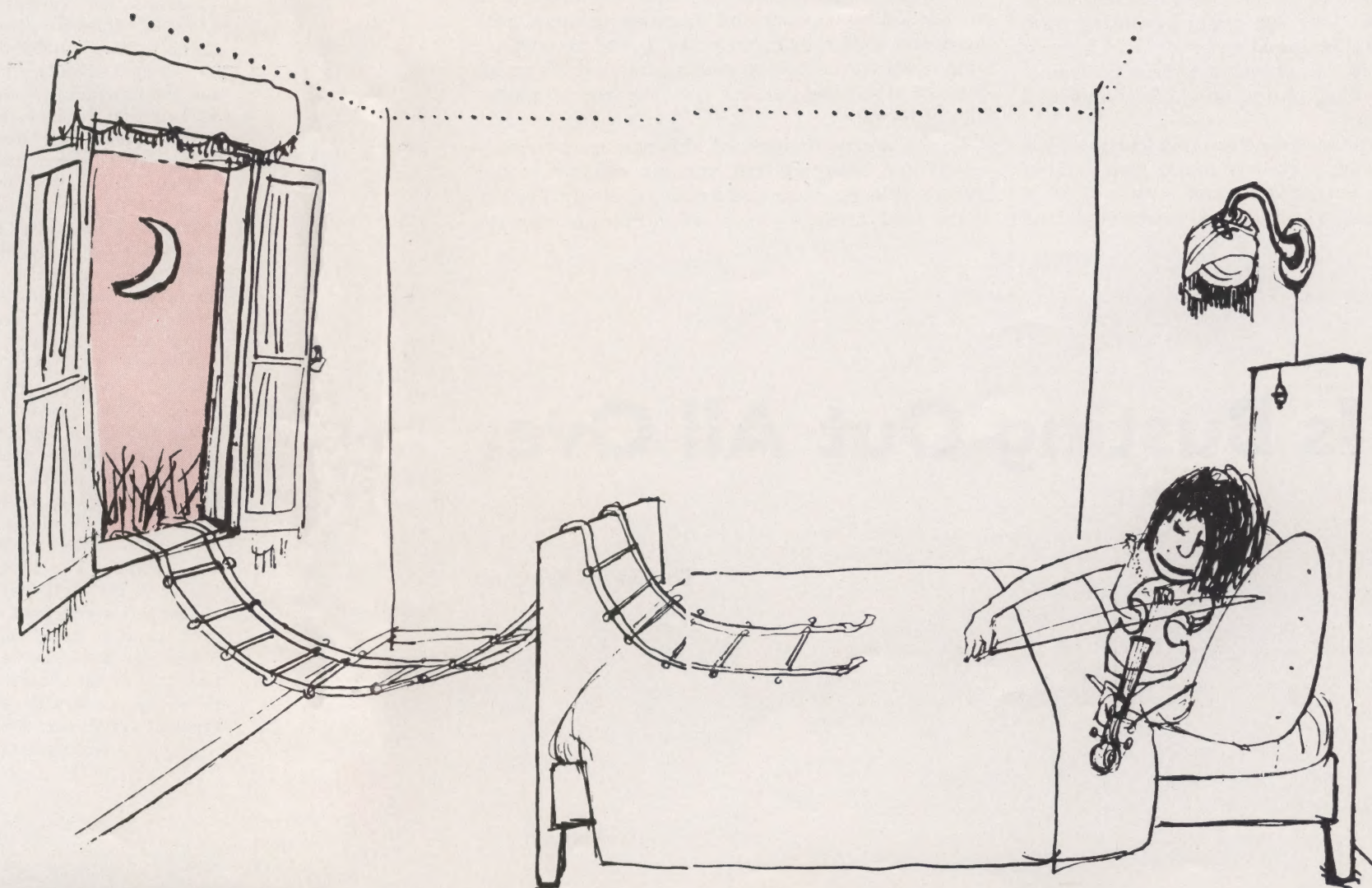
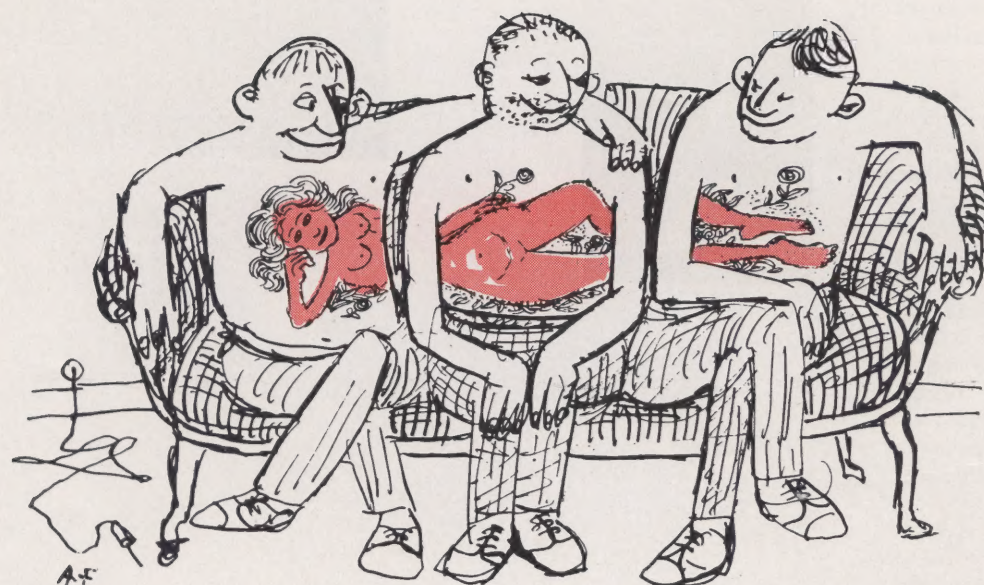
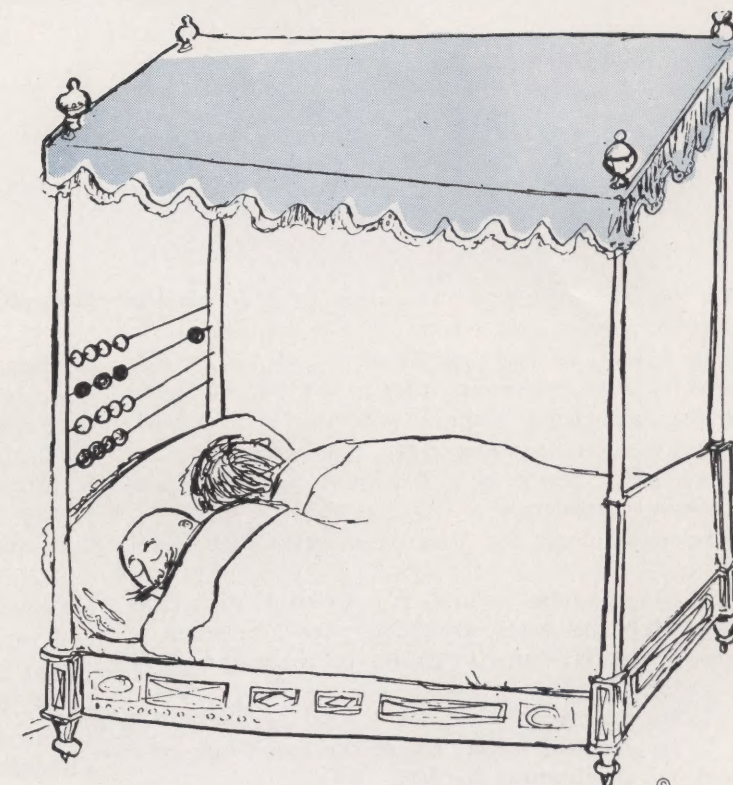
JAZZ, 1955

BY JOE KNEFLER



From The Tattooed Sailor

By André François



This inspired genius, Andre Francois, is not only funny ha-ha but funny-peculiar, and his work inspires raised eyebrows as well as belly laughs. Of course, he is French, but that only partially explains him. *Graphis*, the trilingual art publication, classifies him with the generation "maudite" (The Cursed). But there's more to him than this. Walt Kelly, in his introduction to the book from which the selections on this page are taken, says: "Here is a man who proves that the logical end of nonsense is absurdity. The shock of seeing the truth laid bare causes us to laugh, and Francois is thereby a humorist." It is unlikely that anyone will quarrel with that statement.

All the bad little boys who used to draw phallic symbols on walls and fences, all the naughty little girls who used to look up *Those Words* in the big dictionary have grown up, after a fashion, and gone into the advertising business and, arm in arm with anybody who has anything to sell, they are selling it.

Their sales device is a blackjack wrapped in a transparent brassiere.

Advertising oozes sex. Journalism drips with it, all over.

Scientificos whose business it is to know such facts declare that the great American populace, when it thinks at all, customarily thinks of three things in this order:

1. Its groceries.
2. Its perineal sector, where the rumblings of sex and elimination are felt.
3. Its bank account.

All else is dross.

Astute psychology professors, hired away from 99-cent shirts and installed in the pushcart elegance of advertising agencies, long ago began harvesting fiscal hay with these facts. So did editors.

And away back in that era when Gibson Girls were wowing the high-collar dudes, another monumental discovery was made:

A few gabby old physicians, frustrated female school-teachers, and jackleg preachers found that talk of sex, if ascribed to lofty motives and given a dash of evangelical demonology, could be put over safely and

profitably in parlor, classroom, and corrugated-iron chapel.

About the same time, other axe-grinding zanies came to believe that if sex were divested of its high heels and frilly underpants and dragged into the open, all harlots would shut up shop, men would eschew picture postcards, and even male ghosts at psychic seances would lay off pinching the gluteal dimples of lady spiritualists.

Such pure results, alas, have never been quite achieved. But there have been results, many and dark and various.

The spicy, tangy drawers have gone back on, in dainty token sizes only.

American advertisers, and publishers of the ostensibly factual word, are brandishing panties and their choice content 24 hours a day, pouring visual sex into us until it runs out the ears of every imbecile able to gloss a newspaper.

We have merrily become a nation preoccupied, in our ads and newspaper and magazine columns, with the dream stuff called cheesecake, baked up with the same yeasty leavening that makes rural deacons scream "Lemme at it!" and clamber upon the stage at hoochy-koochy shows.

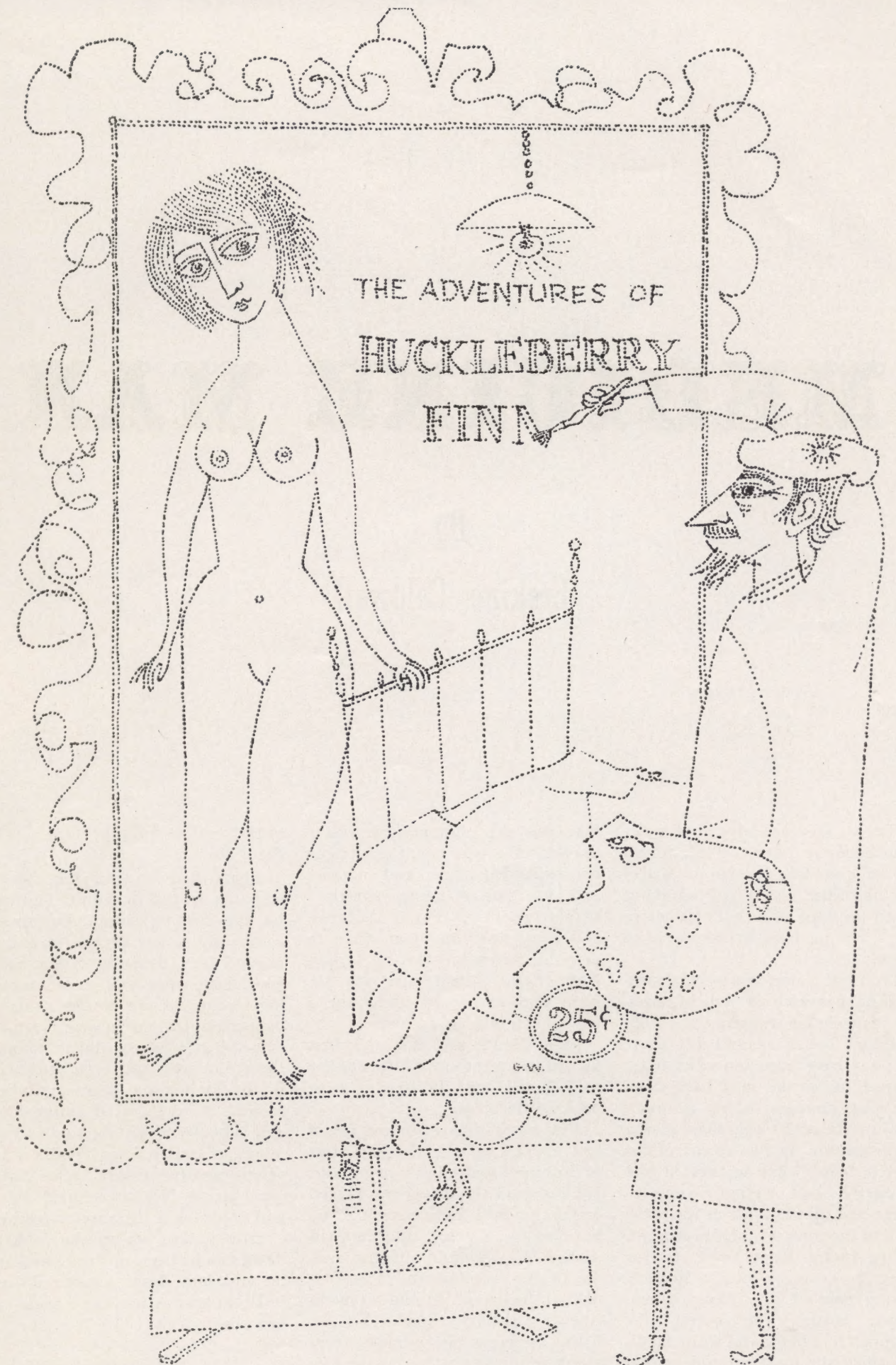
To the spiritually inclined, this may seem tragic.

It is also funny as Hell, for our national batting average as lovers, male and female, approximates that of the mud turtle.

(Continued on page 46)

Sex Is Busting Out All Over

By Charles Sampson



MEDICINE MAN

By
Erskine Caldwell

There was nobody in Rawley who believed that Effie Henderson would ever find a man to marry her, and Effie herself had just about given up hope. But that was before the traveling herb doctor came to town.

Professor Eaton was a tall gaunt-looking man with permanent, sewn-in creases in his trousers and a high celluloid collar around his neck. He may have been ten years older than Effie, or he may have been ten years younger; it was no more easy to judge his age than it was to determine by the accent of his speech from what section of the country he had originally come.

He tied up the mule at the racks behind the rows of stores in August, selling Indian Root Tonic. Indian Root Tonic was a beady, licorice-tasting cure-all in a fancy green-blown bottle. The bottle was wrapped in a black and white label, on which the most prominent fea-

ture was the photographic reproduction of a beefy man exhibiting his expanded chest and muscles and his postage-stamp wrestler's trunks. Professor Eaton declared, and challenged any man alive to deny his statement, that his Indian Root Tonic would cure any ailment known to man, and quite a few known only to women.

Effie Henderson was the first person in town to give him a dollar for a bottle, and the first to come back for the second one.

The stand that Professor Eaton had opened up was the back seat of his mud-spattered touring car. He had paid the mayor ten ragged one-dollar bills for a permit to do business in Rawley, and he had parked his automobile in the middle of the weed-grown vacant lot behind the depot. He sold his medicine over the back seat of his car, lifting the green-blown bottles from a box at his feet as fast as the cus-

tomers came up and laid down their dollars.

There had been a big crowd standing around in the weed-grown lot the evening before, but there were only a few people standing around him listening to his talk when Effie came back in the morning for her second bottle. Most of the persons there then were Negroes who did not have a dollar among them, but who had been attracted to the lot by the alcoholic fumes around the mud-caked automobile and who were willing to be convinced of Indian Root Tonic's marvelous curative powers. When Effie came up, the Negroes stepped aside, and stood at a distance watching.

Effie walked up to the folded-down top in front of Professor Eaton and laid down a worn dollar bill that was as limp as a piece of wet cheesecloth.

(Continued on page 42)





PHOTOGRAPHER'S PRIVATE FILE

ESCAPADERS who love pinup art — and is there one who doesn't? — suspect that photographers who specialize in such delightful creations maintain private files of pictures which never grace the cover of a magazine. ESCAPADE happily verifies this suspicion.



The pictures on this and the opposite page were taken on an assignment for cover art for a national magazine and, obviously, both the lovely model and the photographer enjoyed their work. A conscientious editor is destined to spend a pleasant, but difficult, afternoon making a selection from this choice group of photos, any one of which would inspire brisk newsstand purchase of his product. But his task would be infinitely more complex had the photographer included in the selection other pictures taken during the same shooting session. Intended for his private file, they instead have found their way to the following pages. So, reader, read on!





Here, on these pages, are selections from the private file of a noted glamour photographer, who grinningly admits that this sort of thing goes on all the time and he wouldn't trade jobs with anyone. The luscious model, being a model, also likes her job, and poses such as these are her way of relaxing after a session under the studio lights. Generally, no one but the photographer ever sees the finished print — but you, the lucky readers of ESCAPADE, are herewith made privy to the secrets of the Photographer's Private File!



Wedding Belles

By Alice Greene



So you're a wise guy — bachelor-type, that is? So you don't plan to get hooked by any chick for good (or bad)? Your deal is to play the field for laughs, for fun. Good company, an occasional "intimate-type" rendezvous if opportunity offers? But that's it? No wedding bells for you?

If this is so, and you're figuring to spot a female of similar persuasion as a playmate — a word of warning. Beware the "bachelor girl" — the one who also claims to want to stay foot-loose, to play for fun and not for keeps. Because if marriage *does* hit the mind of this kind of a maid, you're a gone goose, an *ex-rover*!

Let's try on a theoretical case for size. You've met *Her* at a few parties with the crowd — this "bachelor girl" you're figuring might be a good playmate to option for evenings — but evenings *only*! (You're not about to wake up in a cozy apartment for two, with stockings and bras hanging from the shower curtain mornings, and hair-curlers across a breakfast table making noises at you while you try to concentrate on yesterday's Dodgers score.

This one is pretty special. Ivory-satin skin; big, dark eyes; soft, dark, feather-cut hair; a mouth that's just too much. She walks like she's been following tigers down jungle paths all her life. She knows her way around *and* back. She has all the answers because she wrote all the questions. Yet the closest you've been able to get up till now is an arm around her when you dance (which the two of you do like you'd had the complete Arthur Murray treatment together.) But that "arm test" was enough to know she's lush and ripe. None of the Dior didos to hide the charming slopes and valleys that beckon and delight.

Not that she seems to have any moral scruples against S-dash-X. She just keeps reminding you of your *own* line — all fun and frolic. Good drinking buddies. No entanglements. Only laughs and nothing more. You both know the score, she agrees, and sure, some time — if the time seems right — *it* may happen. But fun's the ticket, so why force it? This was your line, so you have to second the motion—even though there are others you'd rather.

Such a great gal, too — seems completely interested in everything you do, everything you think, like what you've done in the past, what you want to do in the future. And best of all — she's apparently as interested in staying a bachelor girl as you are in staying a bachelor. So — it's just a matter of waiting till "the time is right" for that casual intimate interlude.

Then it happens, after a few preliminary trial runs. You phone and say, "Let's go out and catch some night life tonight — dinner, a show, some bars, drink and dance a little —?" Meaning — *without* the gang. Who knows what can happen?

"That would be fun," she agrees. Then her voice sounds softer, huskier, and you know she's smiling, "But —"

This, Old Boy, is one warning sign. That hesitation "*but*." Since you figure her for the "free soul" type, what follows is tough to resist. But try, if you want to be sure to stay out of the net.

"But — it's such good weather for a cozy visit — for a change. Looks like rain. Why don't you come over to my apartment? We'll have a fire in the

fireplace. We'll have a drink here. And I'll whip up something simple —." You silently figure, "so she can cook, *too*?" And she adds with that certain inflection, "It'll be nice, Ba-a-aby — we'll just be comfortable —"

Her tone implies the possibility that this may be *The Night*. Maybe it's the way she draws out "ba-a-aby." Your palms get itchy wondering if she feels as soft all over as she looks. You tell yourself you're accepting this invite for a couple of reasons — *That Possibility and The Old Exchequer*. An evening like you had suggested can make quite a dent in a bankroll. So she's a bachelor girl? So let *her* buy the beans one night!

You say, "Sure —" feeling where the collar is tightest.

And she says, "About seven, Ba-a-aby."

So you go.

When you knock and she opens the door, you sense something different. Far off in the distance sounds a warning knell for freedom, with the echo of "Oh Promise Me" somewhere in the counterpoint. Dimly you're aware she's no bachelor — she's a female. With a Capital FEEM. You strengthen your defenses secretly.

She's dressed in something "comfortable" — something that makes you uncomfortable. It's black and sheer over her arms and shoulders — and what shoulders! And it just makes what it covers look more exciting and uncovered. If that sounds confused, that's the way you are. So far it's been easy to take her out for laughs, bring her home and say goodnight. You're old "bachelor buddies," you two. But suddenly you see the jaws of the trap, yet you step right in for this bait.

Her eyes are soft. She looks like a dream. She smells even better. And she says, "I've been waiting, Ba-a-aby— come in. It's so good to see you!" She brushes close. Seems like just her cheek touches yours, so you wonder how you seem to feel the outline of her body all the way down. The impact leaves you tingling. But just as you're about to reach for a retake, she's saying, "I'm just making a martini. Make yourself comfortable —." *That again!*

You watch her drift along that jungle path over to the little corner bar, and there's that itch you can't reach to scratch. So you look around the place. If you'd picked it, you couldn't have designed it more to your liking. She's got taste. You know it! It's just the same as yours, by golly; What a coincidence. A girl with real taste.

Big comfortable furniture to sink down in and put your feet up on

without worrying. Ashtrays big enough to hold a lot of cigarettes, not the prissy little jobs most dames have. There's that fire in the fireplace. Some kind of piney incense is burning somewhere. You sit down and lean back on the couch, and right there in front of you is the newest copy of your favorite magazine on the coffee table. And the cigarette box is full of your brand of cigarettes. Comfort? *Solid* comfort with the magazine and smoke till she brings the martini.

The martinis (doubles in big glasses that don't slop over) are superlative. As she sits down near you on the couch and lifts her glass, you know the proportions are perfect (like the gal herself). And just the hint of lemon peel subtly touched to the rim (of the glass, not the gal).

"Five to one?" you ask. She nods, as if to say: "Is there any *other* way to make a really good martini?" Fantastic female who knows everything — does everything right! You sip and talk. Music makes soft background for conversation. And under the influence of maid, martinis and music, you grow expansive, while she listens entranced.

Her obvious interest dredges up fascinating subjects from your subconscious — embellished just a *little*, of course. Your exploits seem more daring; your triumphs, more glittering; your decisions, more intelligent — even to you. And, as ineffable fragrances begin to seep out of the kitchen, your appetite takes on a lovely edge. That aroma is reminiscent, from some distant wonderful past. You try to identify it, and look at *Her*, so near. The sight gives a second appetite a lovely edge, too.

She finally murmurs, "Everything's ready, Ba-a-aby—", and you start to echo "me, too." But she says, "Let's have a bite while it's hot." You double take, but decide to eat first. Miraculously, on a beautiful little well-set table you see the source of the delightful odors — stuffed, baked pork chops! You gaze at them much as you've been gazing at her. With delight.

"But how did you happen to —," as you begin to drool, you simply murmur, "Stuffed baked pork chops!" She shrugs almost apologetically.

"I wasn't sure you'd like them. I suppose I should have had steak, but — these are my favorite dish, and I just hoped — you might like them too!" Steak, you scoff. Who would want steak beside this food for the gods!

"They're my favorite of all foods, too!" you proclaim. She looks delightedly surprised.

Not since you left Mom's home cooking in Gosh Hollow, Kansas, has such a dream meal passed your chop-pers. A small dab of fried applies to add tart filip to the succulent pork — fresh buttered corn — little green lima beans — tossed green salad with a roquefort dressing that tastes like hungry dreams of the past. Where *did* she get such a recipe? You ask. She smiles enigmatically. The repast ends with a strawberry shortcake that's just too much!

It's incredible that all these things you like are the things she likes most — and exactly the same way. You begin to speculate, but you feel too fine and mellow. So back to the big couch. She doesn't chatter away, but lets you enjoy a cigarette and coffee while she moves things to the kitchen.

When you've just about recovered consciousness, she is there beside you, smiling down with that lovely face and body, asking, "While we have coffee and brandy, would you like to see 'Bill and Jean' on TV? Or do you care for them?" You like very little TV, but "Bill and Jean" is the one comedy program you *do* like. They kill you! You just nod and lean back, completely content. You drink coffee, sip brandy, and chuckle to your heart's content. And — during the commercials — you look over at this gorgeous, incredible bachelor girl who's sharing your laughs in all the right places.

A vagrant thought begins to form. With someone like *this* who likes everything you like — even the same food, magazines and TV programs — who knows when not to bother a man — and who *looks* like she does — and can cook, *too*—even married life might not be too bad.

Later, the lights are low, the music soft, and her skin is even softer than you imagined — as much of it as you can get at. Because when you start to swing for a homer, she looks into your eyes, touches your hair and cheek with that soft hand, lets you hold her close, kisses you till your toes turn up. And then says — before you even ask — she knows how great it would be for you two to have an affair.

But, frankly, she thinks it would be better for two people like you just to keep it on the wonderful friendship basis you have. "Bachelor buddy" stuff. Not that she wouldn't love sex with you — not that moral scruples are involved — it's just that — well, she smiles bravely, to be honest, she likes you a little *too* well for her own good, her own freedom. As long as you stay "just friends," she can handle it. But

(Continued on page 56)



A lusty city spawned this earthy siren

SHANGHAI LOLA

By DON ZENTNER

IN the rough-and-tumble days before the war, people in China often used to wonder whether there ever existed a real "Shanghai Lil" who might have inspired that plaintive chant of the 'thirties:

*"I've been looking high,
"And I've been looking low,
"Looking for my Shanghai Lil."*

Well, there may not have been an actual "Shanghai Lil", but there certainly was a Shanghai Lola. Lola was a very-much-alive, vibrant, lusty personality, as familiar to the Shanghailanders of the hectic, fun-loving days 20 years ago as the dirty waters of the Whangpoo which swirled around this once great city of enchantment.

For Lola had all the attributes of the international courtesan. She spoke numerous languages, yet claimed no nationality herself. She made no distinctions in the men she consorted with — Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Chinese and Japanese. They came and went in Lola's life as the fortunes of war affected Shanghai.

First, the Americans and Britons

and the Frenchmen and the Germans, who were the financial giants of the city in the early days of Lola's career. Then the Chinese and the Japanese. And finally, back to the Americans and the Britons as the tide of events swung her world in its old direction. They were all grist in her mill of fortune, these men, but in passing they left behind them their unmistakable stamp on a city like none other on this earth.

Lola was a hearty courtesan. Her candor amazed and shocked the pseudo-snobs in Shanghai who tried to hide their vices behind a false cloak of smirking propriety. For her, there was no slinking behind doors, no suppers in small, dingy, backyard apartments. She flouted her escorts in all the glittering nightclubs and restaurants that the city boasted. She flung her profession in the teeth of all and yet, somehow, her frankness contrived to shame the others of her breed who plied their trade under the cover of assumed modesty.

That was one of the main reasons

for Lola's successful hold on the Shanghai demi-mondaine spotlight, in the face of more glamorous and attractive sirens. Her acceptance of her position in society had in it an element of courage and conviction that drew unwilling tribute from the male sex. She lived for money and men — and was not ashamed of it.

If one admirer grew tired of her charms — or perhaps returned to his family in America, England or wherever he called his home—there was another to replace him before long. For a little while, perhaps a few weeks, Lola would not be seen in the familiar haunts, and then she would reappear, decked out more gaudily and elaborately than ever. Her loud, hearty, boisterous laughter would ring through the smoke-filled room and the staid matrons of Shanghai society would look at one another knowingly and sneer in self-righteous condemnation, forgetting that at this moment, perhaps, their own husbands were languishing in some secret love-nest with a curvaceous damsel.

Lola was not a beautiful woman. She was dark and inclined to plumpness, but she had a certain voluptuous ostentation about her that drew attention where prettier and more demure girls might have been ignored. And, above all, she had unlimited courage. The cold shoulder of society, and the disapproving glares of the modest, fazed her not in the least. When she was hunting for new game, her approach was bold, direct and undaunted. She usually got her man.

On one occasion, she made her usually dramatic entrance at a small, select nightclub frequented by the wealthiest and most snobbish in the community. She was alone, and gossip soon began to circulate about the room that Lola's current paramour had thrown her overboard because she was getting too fat. Speculation was rife that Lola was through.

Sensing the hostility around her — hostility which would have driven anyone of lesser mettle into embarrassed retirement — Lola stood for some time defiantly at the entrance in full view, hands on hips, evening gown rakishly low over shoulders and bosom, her eyes searching keenly among the unescorted men in the place for her quarry.

She spotted the man she wanted — a prominent attorney, wealthy and influential in the city, and very strait-laced. This man had been a friend of her former lover's and she was losing no time in mapping out her next offensive. Confident and brazen, she picked her way across the dance-floor to where he sat alone at a ring-side table. The audience sensed the approach of a dramatic moment and hardly anyone bothered to get up when the dance music resumed.

Lola reached the table, and in her loud, hearty, slightly coarse voice — which could be heard clear across the room — she shouted:

"Hallo, Maurice, you old sot. How about buying me a drink?"

The dignified lawyer did not even blanch at this affront. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her coolly up and down as she flounced there before him, and then slowly rose to his feet. Making her a short bow, in polite continental fashion but under the circumstances more insulting than a slap in the face, he said:

"Madame, zis table is yours—alone."

He then turned and walked away deliberately.

A public rebuke of this kind would have meant social death to any other

woman in Shanghai, where gossip travelled fast in those days, but not to Lola. She sat down calmly in the chair vacated by the attorney and, shrugging her shoulders at the audience, as much as to say "the hell with it," she poured herself a drink.

A week later, Lola was back in the very same place — this time with the attorney a little self-consciously bringing up the rear. What she had done in the meantime to break down the man's stern moral and social code no one could guess. But there she sat in full view, more brazen than ever, flouting her new conquest to the world and confounding the predictions of the society gossipers that "Lola was washed up."

Lola was born in Shanghai about 38 years ago, when the great Oriental metropolis was just beginning to earn a reputation for sin and intrigue. Her parents were humble but respectable Russian emigres from Siberia. Even at an early age Lola's wild, uncontrollable character was the talk of the neighborhood. The seed of a lusty city was already fermenting in her soul.

She began her career at an age when most girls have barely laid aside their dolls. And, like thousands of others before her, she began with a sailor. At 13 she ran away from home to live with an American seaman. This romance was short-lived, however. Her lover soon sailed away to seek a wife in another port and our Lola, repentant, went back to mama and school.

But not for long. Her adventurous spirit could not be confined within the staid walls of the classroom and she sought excitement and adventure in clandestine dates with the free-spending boys in uniform — the green of the U. S. Marines and the brown of the British Tommies. At 15, Lola already enjoyed a reputation among the younger set as a "pretty hot number." Intrigue was being whispered about her name. Her career was launched.

At 16, Lola was firmly ensconced as a semi-professional courtesan, exchanging her favors without much thought for money and clothes, but merely to satisfy her craving for variety and excitement. Soon, however, she took the line of least resistance and slipped completely from the respectable, middle-class background in which she had been reared into the more tantalizing, uncertain life of a fulltime professional mistress. Her youth and freshness and courage brought her conquest after conquest — and with them, gradually, experience and a shrewd evaluation of the material things in life.

From 1935 until Pearl Harbor, Lola

was a familiar sight in the city's gayer night spots and eateries, accompanied by one escort after another, as varied in nationality as in age, appearance and wealth. She began to be notorious for her fantastic clothes, worn more for sensationalism than for mere display of her bodily charms. Newcomers to Shanghai would see her come striding boldly into a night club, decked out in gaudy array, laughing loudly and unrestrainedly, and ask the name of this amazing creature.

And everyone would answer:

"Why, don't you know? That's Lola!"

"Lola! Lola who?" the newcomer would persist.

But the old-timers could not reply to that, for she was, simply, Lola — someone you took for granted as part of the mystery of Shanghai, just as one did the Whangpoo River, the Bund, the ageless riddle of thousands dying of starvation and cold and heat and misery in the very shadow of the imposing edifices which the foreign traders had erected. Here, where the East met the West in defiance of Kipling. This was Lola's spawning ground, and no one bothered about her antecedents or her name in a city where life was cheap.

Lola was the perfect cosmopolite, even in cosmopolitan Shanghai. One story about her that went the rounds at that time was to the effect that she had lived with one man for nearly a year without even knowing his nationality. She was said to have told a friend after the affair was dissolved that she had always thought he was a Frenchman, but only discovered some time later that he was German. The friend was surprised at this callous indifference, but Lola had the typical come-back:

"German or French. What do I care? He was a man, wasn't he?"

With the coming of the war Lola's life did not change appreciably. To her, there was only one paramount consideration — live fully and happily and extravagantly for the day, and the devil take tomorrow. Though not quite as happy or as prosperous as before — most of her benefactors being temporarily *hors de combat* — Lola, nevertheless, made the best of a bad situation and smiled her unabashed way through the three and a half years of Japanese occupation.

When victory came and American servicemen returned triumphantly to Shanghai, Lola reappeared in all her glory on the glittering stage which she had occupied for over a decade. But times had changed and the city was

(Continued on page 57)



Jaguars, Martinis and Faberge

Sir J_____ W_____, an Edwardian roue, was wont to compare the soft allure of *The Virgin* to man's eternal fascination with the unknown. No doughty explorer ever penetrated a virgin forest or mapped an uncharted shore with more relish and dogged determination than did Sir J_____ pursue his own peculiar calling. In the closing years of his roguish life, he penned, with a flowing and lucid hand, these words in his unpublished journal, "*Innocence: A Broad*":

"The savouring of untarnished femininity, blushed pink with gentle youth and brimming with sweet, unfathomed passion, is truly one of life's rarer delicacies. It is a genteel pastime which deserves the sensitive appreciation of a gentleman, but, paradoxically, requires the dashing ingenuity of a skilled and practiced scoundrel. That such a noble art is often defiled by wanton ruffians who exercise their uncouth guile in so base a manner as to evoke contempt from all kind people, and thus bring disrepute to even the most discriminating practitioner of this classic game, is one of the poetic injustices of this best of all possible worlds."

So wrote Sir J_____. His observations form the basis for this article.

All virgins have six things in common: inexperience, an unbounded curiosity, romantic illusions, an innate fear of the "wrong" man, a grating pride in preserving at all cost their "most priceless possession," and damn good reasons (to them at least) for retaining to the bitter end their divine-given purity.

It is a matter of considerable conjecture which is more scarce . . . a fool-proof technique for absconding with a maiden's honor, or virgins themselves. Misplacing a dimpled-darling's trust is, unfortunately, a burden which few ever have to shoulder. And, like it or not, the day has come when virginity in any but the very young at heart is a rarity almost beyond plausibility. There is a beautifully organized society at San Quentin which can give eloquent attestation to this fact.

(Continued on page 50)

By John Magee

JAZZ, 1955 (Continued from page 7)

on guitar, and a busy little banjoist named Mike Pingatore was running interference for him. Almost lost in the violin section was Joe Venuti. And there were many more, all of similar caliber.

"A Bench In The Park" was a nice little tune, with fairly sensible lyrics and some tricky changes and a reasonable beat. It was competently played with spirit by a group of fine musicians. What ever became of it?

What's more to the point, how would the Whiteman rendition compare today with an interpretation by, say, Stan Kenton?

Along about that time, in what was then the ramshackle little town of Balboa Beach an hour south of Los Angeles, Red Nichols and His Five Pennies were playing in the Green Dragon Ballroom. The high school and college kids who then made up the summer population of the resort were pretty crazy about him and, within a few years, his records were consistently at the top of the hit parade list.

But when Nichols played Hollywood 20 years later, his most consistent fans were middle-aged, never-say-die barflies living it up in memory of their youth. And there weren't too many of them. The sad fact is that Nichols, sticking with his version of Dixie, sounded sadly ricky-tick.

It's perhaps unfair to recall another night, ten years ago, when the great Zutty, sitting in with a small Dixie combo at Hollywood's Hangover Club, fell flat on his two-beat face. Of course, Singleton was an old man at the time and he'd led a hard life. But the beat was reminiscent of the beat that comes through on records he made many years ago. At his best, he wouldn't sound as clean and sharp and biting as, or display the technical virtuosity of, quite a few young drummers who are coming up today.

About the first "modern" jazz construction I ever heard was around 1925 in Ocean Park, California, where Benny Pollack was playing a ballroom grind. Among the other sharp kids in his band were the Dorseys and Benny Goodman and, while my memory may be a trifle faulty, my recollection is that their version of "Chicago" and other tunes of the time would stand up pretty well today, despite the tuba in the rhythm section.

And over in Santa Monica, a former Whiteman sideman named Don Clark was leading a great big band that put out some fine dance music.

What had happened was that both of these groups had broken away from

the traditional pattern. And back in Chicago, Fletcher Henderson was also making musical history by shaking off the restrictions of the Dixieland-Chicago styles.

And, as they used to say of that grand old racehorse, Malicious, "Here comes Ellington!"

It is possible to trace from this era the escape from the two-beat prison. These people all played two-beat and the Charleston variation of it, because they were playing for a public that demanded it. But they also played it less rigidly, and when they played for kicks, rather than for policy, they relaxed into a solid four, as some of their records of the period disclose.

Meanwhile, the Ben Bernies and Guy Lombardos were rolling along at a great pace, filling the spots that are now filled by the rhythm-and-blues and country-swing bands, playing slick and unexciting "popular" music. At least, during this time, the hillbillies were still in the hills, which made musical life a little brighter.

Radio had changed the picture drastically, reaching vast new audiences. By 1930, people who had never heard of Lewis Armstrong were tuning in on his late show from a Los Angeles nightclub. (To me, Armstrong has always risen above the two-beat because of his many other excellencies, his wonderful tone and his imagination. He's one of the very few who sounds good anywhere, anytime and under any circumstances, even when he's deliberately corning it up.)

Another thing that helped was the fact that a lot of fine music was being written along about that time; most of the present-day "standards" stem from this period, including the great Broadway show tunes and standout songs from Hollywood productions. It's a good thing for jazz that this vast backlog was created, in view of the horrible stuff that's being turned out today. Even "Hut Sut On The Rillera", or whatever it was, is preferable to "Let Me Go, Lover," for example.

Along in the mid-'30s and early '40s, really fine things began to happen. Thousands of people who never before had thought of jazz except in its girl-boy-junior prom content began to listen hard. Benny Goodman's fine drive, the sensitive lyricism of Artie Shaw (as in "Begin the Beguine"), the great Ellington band with its wealth of top-flight sidemen (I'm thinking of the one with Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance, Juan Tizol, Rex Webster, J. C. Higginbotham and the others, and

with Ivy Anderson and Herb Jeffries on vocals), and all the other great swing bands of the period created a really solid background for experimentation and advance.

And against this background, the "cool" school began to emerge. On both coasts, the hipsters were moving in, bopping here and there and crystallizing the four into a pattern of its own.

In Los Angeles, there was Boyd Raeburn, who explored the outer reaches of musical space with the daring of a rocket pioneer; in the East, Gillespie and Parker were pushing the frontiers back. The bopsters descended on Billy Berg's in Hollywood like shock troops assaulting the Maginot line; some were good and some were bad, some were sincere and others were phony, but there was a new and very real excitement all along Vine Street.

In the excitement and the aroused interest in jazz, in the frenzy which led to arguments and discussions among crew-cut, horn-rimmed addicts, even the oldsters did all right. Oldtimers like Sidney Bechet were being dragged out of poverty-stricken retirement to play for bop-educated crowds in cellar joints, and they received a respectful hearing they had never enjoyed during their most productive years.

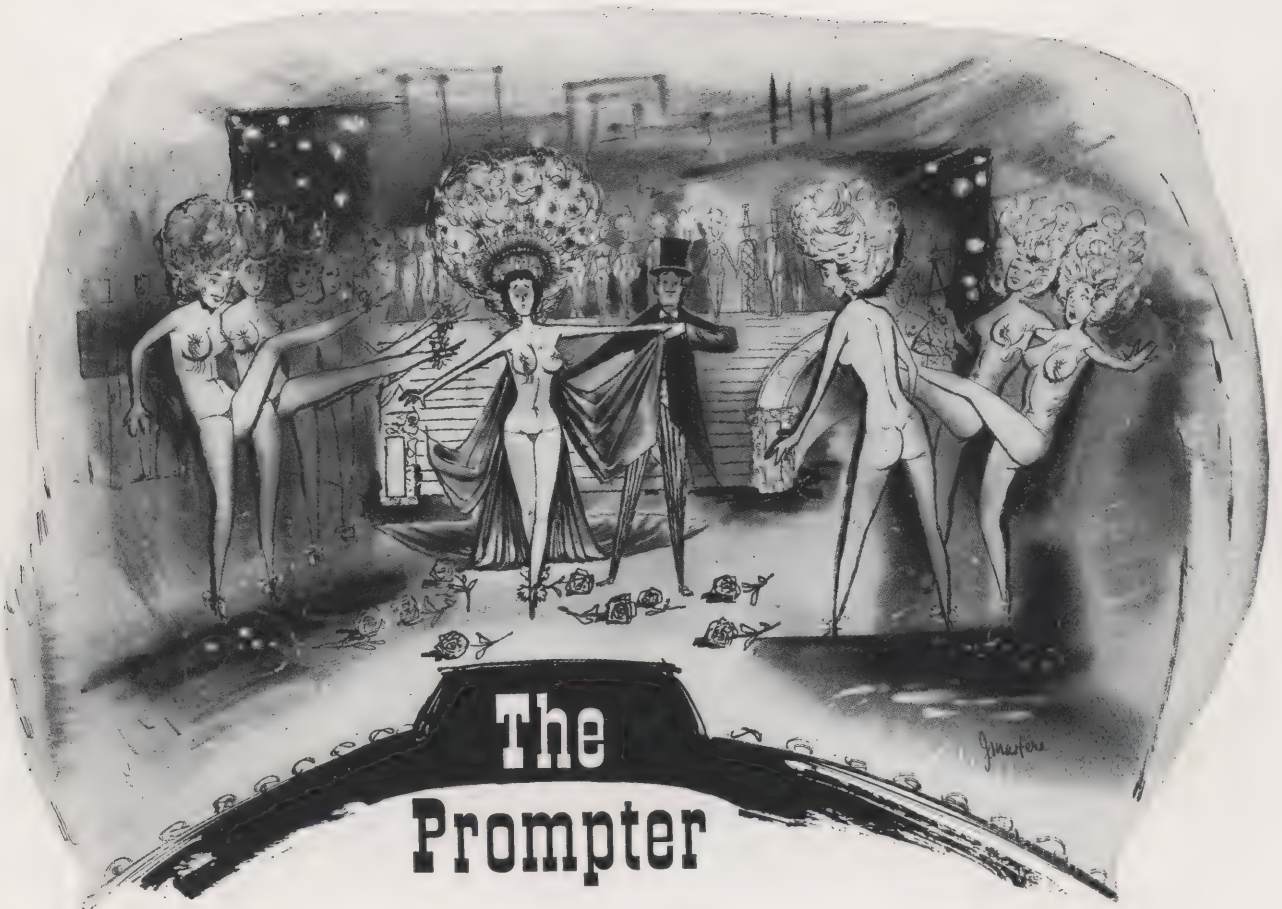
And, as it turned out, some of these oldsters had something to contribute, even if it was only sincerity in place of technique.

But, primarily, this is the day of the new, cool jazzmen, and I'm not concerned at all over whether the public understands what they're trying to do, or whether Armstrong, for example, comes out with a blast at the boppers and progressivists in general.

Public understanding and acceptance has always lagged behind creative achievement. To me, Stan Kenton is a much more important musician than Armstrong, just as Armstrong is much more important than, for example, King Oliver, who preceded *him*. There was a day when Satchmo was a great innovator, and he struggled hard for a hearing, almost starving in the process. And again, in my opinion, which I am not trying to ram down anybody's throat, Armstrong was most important when he was experimenting, although he was far ahead of his public and most of his fellow musicians.

I recently heard Kenton's new group of young musicians in one of their first public appearances since they were organized. This band has bite and spirit and precision and imagination, and it has an excitement I've felt in only a few other bands of

(Continued on page 55)



The Prompter

BY W. EWART SCOTT

(The author, a former show business great, calls on his vast store of backstage anecdotes for this humorous true story. It will appear in a forthcoming book of theatrical memoirs.)

Paris in the spring of 1920. We were a specialty act in the Folies Bergere which starred the internationally famous dancer, Gaby Deslys. The same Gaby who, upon being told some months later she had cancer of the throat and an operation was necessary, replied, "What, and disfigure this beautiful throat? I'd rather die!"

The show had been in rehearsal many weeks before opening and, as per custom in Europe, the prompter had been in his prompter's box since the very first rehearsal. The show had had an unusually long run and, to my knowledge, I had never heard the prompter prompt any of the artists. There he would sit, night after night, head down, eyes buried in his script. The only view we performers got of him was his round, shiny, bald head and small pair of pincenez, balanced on the end of his nose.

Backstage gossip revealed he was a very unhappy man, and had frequently requested his release from the show because he felt that it could well do without his highly professional services and he could be replaced by anyone. However, the management, having a hit on its hands and unwilling to change anything, because of an old theatrical superstition, refused emphatically. So night after night, that little fat, baldheaded prompter sat sadly in his box,

scheming. Until one night he hit upon an idea that made backstage history at the Folies Bergere, and released him from his contract.

At the finale of the show the cast was fully assembled on the stage: chorines, nudes, principals, specialties, comedians, supers. Gaby was making her triumphant final appearance of the show, fans waving in their full glory as she gracefully descended the Grand Stairway. Suddenly, there arose an infectious hilarity that swept the entire cast until that lavish finale with its closing *au revoir* chorus became an incoherent jumble of noisy laughter, hilarious squeaks, nudgings and double-takes, directed toward the prompter's box.

Meanwhile, in the wings, the stage manager and crew were straining their necks to see what the hell was going on. Then they, too, joined in the backstage hilarity.

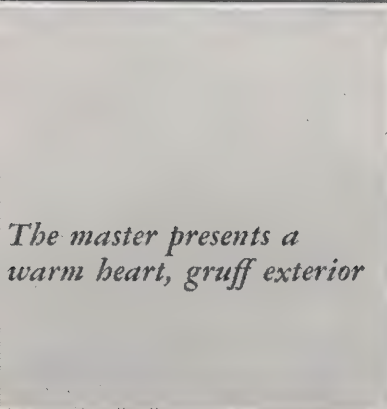
Here was something new to the audience, new to the orchestra and even new to the hard-boiled theatre management. Instead of the audience being entertained, the performers on stage were being entertained. But, by what? *In the prompter's box, instead of seeing that shiny bald head we had been so used to looking at, our fat little hero had taken down his pants, stood on the stool, turned his back to the stage, bent over and elevated his behind to full view!*



A scene from the happy life of Henry Clive



The "fatherly" approach to young models pays off



The master presents a warm heart, gruff exterior



The "daughterly" approach pays off, too, at times



Meet Henry Clive

By WATSON HYATT

Artist, Actor, Raconteur — Clive Has Glorified The American Beauty In A Long And Colorful Career

The popular American conception of a successful artist is that he's a two-headed monster who beats his wife, drinks black coffee and scotch all day, hides out with a slinky siren (masquerading as a model) in some lurid love nest and, occasionally, daubs nonchalantly at a canvas for which he gets paid fabulous sums of money.

Actually, most artists are hard-working, fairly level-headed craftsmen who love their wives and apply as much elbow-grease to their job as anyone else.

Some, however, are romantic individuals with an inspiring genius for creation that sets them apart from ordinary mortals, such as you and I.

Giant of this small but select breed is Henry Clive, whose paintings of the female form have enlivened the American scene for nearly 40 years. Now 77, Clive is still an immensely active and vibrant personality. He can hold you spell-bound with a flick of his talented brush one minute, or with his natural gift for oratory and story-telling the next.

For Henry Clive is that true internationalist and *bon vivant* — raconteur, artist, actor and lover of life. If the years have slowed down his productive drive; they have not dimmed his zest for living or his appreciation of the finer points of some curvaceous model.

Clive has had an extraordinary life. At the height of his career as a successful stage magician and at an age when most men are beginning to think of slowing down, Clive became one of America's top artists — almost by accident.

(Continued on Page 57)







"Today, Nature lovers, we take up the basic drives."



To my favorite "Escapader"
— in memory of a lovely
summer —
Suzanne



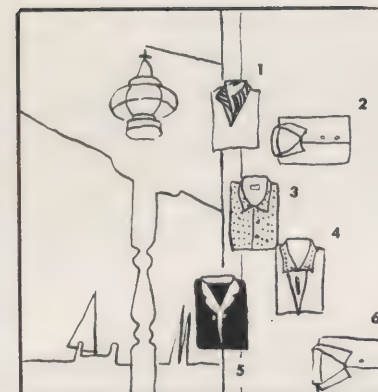
"... and this is my trophy room!"



"You'd be surprised at the things they have to get a license for."

RESORT WEAR

Happy hedonists who follow the flight of the wild geese southward with the end of the northern Summer will find their place in the sun prepared at pleasure palaces on the sub-tropical Florida coasts or, perhaps, at mountain-sheltered havens in the great deserts of the Southwest. But, wherever our sun-seeking prodigal ventures, his wardrobe will artfully accent the "natural line," with its easeful comfort and casual good looks. His jacket will be smartly roomy, hanging from unpadded shoulders; his trousers, snug at the natural waistline, will be of narrower cut than in years recently past, and fitted without a break at the instep. Subdued charcoal tones will remain popular, but the preening male's instinct for bright plumage may be gratified through colorful accessories. Sport shirts will feature the Italian collar. Dress shirts, white or white-on-white, will be tasteful with tab or semi-spread collars. On these pages, ESCAPADE offers a comprehensive preview of Fall and Winter resort fashions for the 1955-56 season. At right, top to bottom: (1) A key item for resort wear is the sport jacket. This one is in white cashmere, a two-button model, about \$125; (2) the Italian collar is fashion news in sport shirts. This one is in black and white cotton jersey and sells for around \$10; (3) Schiaparelli has invaded the men's fashion field with this cabana coat of embroidered champagne poplin, lined with black terry cloth, at about \$20; (4) the smart, casual good looks of the "natural line" are exemplified in this casual three-button suit jacket. The suit, about \$125.



Sport shirts, an essential factor in the resort wardrobe, give the male an opportunity to indulge his taste for color. Keyed to the picture, opposite page, are (1) a cotton jersey with the high-style Italian collar, about \$5; (2) a cotton and nylon with the spread Duke of Kent collar, about \$7; (3) A small-figured imported Egyptian cotton batiste, about \$9; (4) an imported French broadcloth trimmed in butcher linen and cotton fringe, also about \$9; (5) a butcher linen with polka-dotted Italian notch-lapel collar, about \$6, and (6) a French imported combed-cotton with spread collar, about \$8.

The open-collar feeling

CLOTHES BY BILL SOLOF

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ESCAPADE BY PAUL OXLEY



Neither Women, Nor Money, Nor Fame Mean As
Much To The Matador As His "Moment Of Truth"

By BILL REID

The Bull Always Dies



The enemy was living death. Repeatedly, the boy on the sand had lined up the hulking beast for the kill, met his charge with the swift steps a matador dances at the "moment of truth," and had gone in over the brutal horns to plant his bit of steel between the bull's shoulders. In the dirty bleachers, a blousy blonde in a knit sweater pleaded with the animal. "Die, die — oh, please — die, Bull!" The tears streaming down her face were matched by the bitter ones the boy out on the sand was crying. Long years he had starved and scraped for this true moment and it was slipping away from him because this black devil was dying badly.

The boy knew that his adversary was beaten. Many times he had plunged the short, curve-bladed sword deep into its body. Once the *estoque matar* had gone completely through to tear out again through the beast's belly, but still the huge, black terror struck back at his tormentor. Some twist of fate was keeping the blade from a vital spot. The bull was bleeding to death internally but he would be too long about the business to give the young *novillero* the kind of publicity that might set him on the road to fame and fortune. Only a clean kill would do.

The bull was bleeding at the mouth now, a sure sign that the sword had cut into the lungs. Soon there would come the gush of blood through the nostrils and the bull would die horribly, drowning in its own blood. The crowd would turn from the "*fiesta brava*" in disgust and the Mexican sportswriters would be merciless. Panicky, the boy gave up the shoulders and began to stab at the *desabellar*, a little knot of brain between the horns. A good stroke here could drop the stubborn beast quickly.

His luck was bad here, too. Although the bull's head was low now, the brain was small and surrounded by heavy bone. The boy was getting tired. His strokes were not as strong or as sure now. The bull backed against the barrier, dazed and weary. One more stroke and down it went in a welter of frothy blood. The kind of wretched death no true *aficionado* wants to see come to a noble animal. Death, the business the *novillero* had chosen as a career, had come hard.



Charros, Mexicans who like to relive the days of the old ranchos, borrow steers from the slaughterhouse for an afternoon's sport.

Testing their embryonic skill on steers and cows, the novillos learn to handle a live animal.

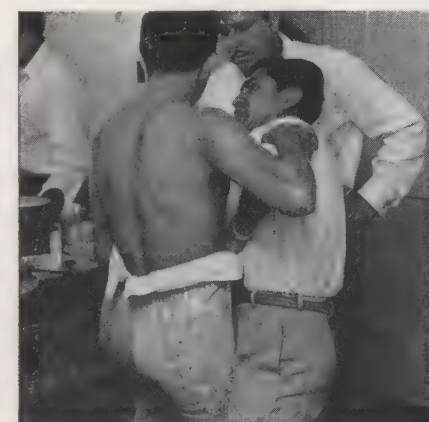


For death is the business of the *matador*. The word, simply enough, means "killer" or "murderer" in Spanish, and that is what he is. A butcherer of male cattle bred through many generations to fight true and die bravely. Make no mistake, when a bull thunders out into the ring with the colors of his *ganaderia* stabbed into his shoulders, he is dead. The bull is always killed. One is told that when a truly brave bull manages to stay alive after the third *aviso* — a bugle call sounded fifteen minutes after the matador takes on the bull with the muleta and sword — he is retired to pasture. This is true. In 1936 a bull named Civilon was reprieved in Barcelona. Otherwise, the "*fiesta de toros*" ends with the death of the bull. The matador, then, is the star or, more properly, the high priest of the spectacle.

He is a high priest who sacrifices an offering as fine and noble as generations of selected ancestors can produce. When he performs the beautiful rites of his religion, as many as 50,000 throats will shout their liturgical "*oles*" each time he passes the brutal enemy of good within inches of his groin. In the matador's "*momento del triunfo*" he comes as close to being a god as any human on the face of this modern world. When he has acted out the final moment of the sacrifice and evil is dead at his feet, the members of his flock would eagerly place themselves at those same feet. Money, more money than is awarded to any other professional athlete in the world, is his. He can have the fairest women of the Latin world, although he may have been a plasterer's assistant at the age of twelve, as was Manolete.

If he is cold-blooded enough to retire after ten years as a full matador, it is likely to be to his own castle in Spain or to a very elegant *hacienda* in Mexico's Jalisco. The rewards of a successful matador are very great.

Consider what this man is doing. Turning his back on the kill-mad animal to shout to the crowd, he is gambling his life completely on his knowledge of what this particular bull will do.



The disasters are also great. There are very few matadors who don't bear the scars of wounds suffered in the arena. Consider the wound. A bullet may burn and tear its way through, but the red-hot metal is self-cauterizing. A knife cuts swift and clean. But a pointed horn, dirty from the corral, rips and smashes with brutal finality. Yet the man must place his frail body ever closer until, at the moment of the kill, he must reach over the horns to drive in his murderous steel. If the bull swings his head at this moment those horns can rip the man's guts out. Antonio Montes, Joselito and the great Manolete, among the finest of bull killers, died on brutal horns at the moment of truth.

Nowadays, sulfa drugs and penicillin control the gangrene that used to kill many, but still the gorings themselves ("gogidas" or "catchings," they are called) and the damage they do retire or kill from 10 to 12 per cent of the men who take active part in the "brave festival." Yet, when a matador retires from the ring, horizontally or vertically, there are thousands of eager youths ready to pick up his cape.

What drives boys of Spanish extraction to play a game so dangerous? Proverb has it that "hunger gores worse," but that is not the answer. Desire for money and the women help, but why should a man like Belmonte, who had both, plus grandchildren, go into the ring to be gored at the age of 54? Stuck in the chest, carried dangling on the horn to the center of the arena, and slammed to the sand, Belmonte thought he was dead when he regained consciousness in the infirmary. "I know this is it," he kept murmuring. Six months later he was fighting again in the arena at Seville. His simple explanation: "I am a *torero*, and fight I must." This is the kind of man who becomes a matador of the first rank. A man with courage.

If all it took was sheer courage, Latin countries would be overrun with matadors, as anyone who has had his speeding automobile "passed" across the chest" by a dirty urchin with a bit of rag in a Mexico City street knows. As much as guts, the game takes technical skill, plenty of luck and showmanship, all of which must come pretty much out of the individual man.

The acquired skill takes long hours of practice in every phase of the bull fight except the final act, which must be played the first time for keeps. Finding himself a partner, the beginner finds out there is much to be learn-

ed before he even enters the arena.

Take Jose Luis Tenez, a *novillero*, who has an edge on most kids who dream of fame in the arena. Jose's father, Jesus Tenez, marched up and down Latin America for 31 years, following the bulls into nearly every arena in the western hemisphere as a full-fledged matador. Nine times the old man has been gored. Once, in Guadalajara, a bull gashed him into a hospital for 45 days. The *cogida* was seven inches long and five deep. The 72-year-old man knows bulls inside and out and, if anyone can teach bull fighting, he can. He has undertaken to make the boy the best matador in all Mexico, but his knowledge can only show the way.

The arms of Jose Luis are steel-hard from working the heavy *capote* day after day as he practices the intricate passes a matador must use to dominate the bull. With his friend, Jesus Peralta, he works out every day the weather is good.

The practice goes this way: One of the two assumes the role of the matador, while the other takes the horns of the bull. This gives the one with the horns a chance to simulate the animal's actions. More than just going through the motions, the would-be matador must know how to *feel* the way the bull feels. This is important. The whole purpose of the *corrida* is to dominate the bull's brute strength with the intelligence of man.

The three phases of the *lidia*, or segments of a *corrida*, are run through at one practice. Normally, there are six of these *lidias* in an afternoon of bull fighting and it is important that the *novillero* get the feel of time spent, so he must go through the whole routine without interruption. As it takes a half hour to kill a bull properly, the one running the horns gets a terrific workout. He must run all the time, constantly remembering who he is and how he is supposed to act. He paws the ground. He charges hard and low, following the cape held by the matador. When he is dead, he is a very tired man. But now it becomes his turn to play matador.

Jose Luis and Peralta are lucky to have as able a teacher as the elder Perez. Most of the boys have only a yearning at the start. When they begin to transform that yearning into ambition they must find out everything for themselves. Some are even too poor to see a formal *corrida*. The cape work and other techniques are pretty much common heritage in

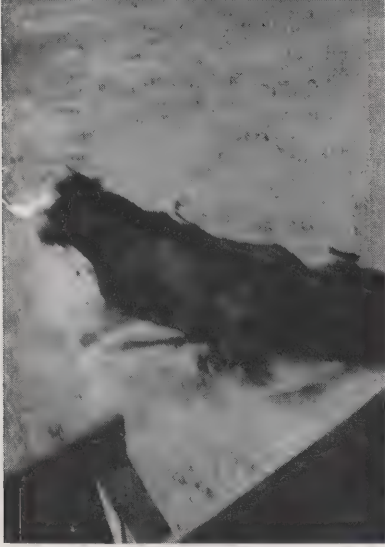
Spanish countries and, by practicing constantly, they get a good feel of the fundamentals. Belmonte tells of "dogs, chairs, the corner, the priest and the morning star" being met with a "half-veronica and a cut." Everything that moved was his to cape.

If possible, the boy attaches himself to a professional, a *banderillero* or a bull ring *peon*, who has probably spent more actual time in the ring than any matador and who has had a close-up look at the goings on. If the boy has talent, the professional may even become his handler and help later with whatever contacts he has. But, before this, there is much to be learned. There is the problem of the live animal.

It's all very well to swing a cape at another boy holding horns to his head but a live animal is needed to develop timing and a feel for realism. Practice cattle may be obtained in several ways. The most dangerous is to sneak past the armed guards at a bull breeding farm and take on true-bred bulls in the dark of night. As about fifteen minutes of this will teach the bull the folly of charging the cape and to work the man instead, the guards have orders to shoot to kill! A bull with too much knowledge can easily take a matador's life.

Another way to practice is the *tientas*. Although a bull may never be tested with the cape, his mother may be. At the *tienta* a careful record is kept of the number of charges each heifer makes. As the cows are more savage, traditionally, than the bulls, a boy with connections (his *banderillero* handler) can sometimes get a chance to wave a cape at the bigger cows.

Pachangas, or whistle-stop bull fights, complete except for the kill, offer another chance at live animals. A group of wealthy Mexicans may get together and have a little informal *corrida*. Sometimes, at the arena of Tijuana's *Asociacion del Charro*, the game is played three ways. The animal is ridden out of a chute as in a state-side rodeo. After the rider is dumped, the animal is caped by the would-be matadors. Finally, the *charros*, who put up the money for all this, take over and practice roping the rear hooves. It's a wild melee, with everyone trying to get the bull to charge him for a good pass. The wise student waits for the good animals, which will charge straight and true. As the proverb goes, "He who practices with bad bulls, will get bad bulls in the arena." American kids from as far away as Los Angeles



come down for a "go" at this sport.

After several years of this there comes the big day of the boy's first professional performance. For this, he's really got to get a break. A last-minute substitution may bring this to him or, much rarer, his friends may chip in and buy a bull for him. The price of the bull is the gimmick. You can't have a bull fight without a bull to kill. After it has once stepped into the ring with a man, it can never do so again. What it would learn in the first fifteen minutes would likely kill the next man to fight it. So the bull must die, and \$800 worth of fighting animal must be converted into \$50 worth of extremely tough meat.

Along with skill and luck, showmanship is required. Bull fights, no matter how the *aficionado* feels about them, are as cynical a business as T-V wrestling matches. No matter how accomplished the matador is, he must keep his eye on the box office. And what counts at the boxoffice is heart. His heart laid out for the thousands of eyes in the arena to see. If that heart is cowardly or overly cautious, the merciless eyes in the crowd will know. The clique will ring the rusty cowbells and jeer. He may never get another chance to step into a bull ring.

But if the beginner's approach is determined and his movements graceful, he may take some bit of the crowd's emotions from them and carry them along with him in the blood and movement of the ritual of his art. After all, the game he plays pits his meager knowledge of the way the bull will act against his life. When he can make the crowd feel this terror, he will give it the thrill it is lusting for. It is this quality the bull ring promoter looks for, this ability to take the crowd along on a boy's struggle with death. If the impresario thinks the kid can bring in the dough, he gets another chance.

There is another barrier the young-

ster must hurdle before he can take the next step up — a shot at a metropolitan ring. In Mexico, the performers in the "*fiesta brava*" must belong to the *torero* union. Before a newcomer can get in, he must prove that he has fought at least ten times in provincial arenas, with a full compliment of union *picadors*, *barilleros*, etc. With his union card, he can start looking for opportunities to fight *novilleros*, or yearling bulls, in a major ring in an off season. It's most certain that he is still pretty rough, with little control over his animals. It is only because there are *aficionados* who will come to any sort of bull fight that he will get even this chance. But it is here that he begins to get the hang of his profession.

It is also here that he begins to put things in their true perspective. Before, he may have been blinded by the glamour, the women, and the money. Now he knows, with deadly certainty, the price he must pay for all this. He must pit his slight body against the terrifying savagery of the bulls. He may find that body refusing to obey the commands his mind gives. He will find himself bouncing away from the horns, reflexes uncontrollable. The public seems interested only in seeing him put his body ever closer to the snagging horns of death. He begins to trick the crowd, striking at the bull's neck to bring him down for the killing dagger. He will pay the *picador* to dig up the bull's neck muscles and spill his blood to make him weak. His *peons* will be instructed to spin the bull ruthlessly after the sword has been thrust in, so that its razor edge will tear up the animal's insides. The crowd, always wise, will catch on and, if he stays in the arena, he will be forced to put on a better show. Bitter resentment will build up. Eventually, he may drop out of the game or take a less risky but steadier job, like plac-

ing the *bandilleros*. But if he sticks there will be an afternoon when the odds bring him a good bull on an afternoon when things really go well for him.

It is then that he really gets a taste of "*el momento del triunfo*." He may be so scared that he will vomit as he runs out onto the sand but the grip of his art will be strong enough to lead him on. His domination of the sacred bull will extend to the watching crowd. His intuition and experience in the way the bull will act, his technical skill and, above all, the showmanship with which he performs his sacrificial rites, prepare him for the final step on the way up, *la alternativa*.

La alternativa makes the *novillero* a killer of full-grown fighting bulls. It can only be given to him by an established matador who is willing to answer for the actions of his protegee publicly. There is nothing like it in any other civilized sport. What the godfather does is to give his first bull — the "alternative" — to the novice.

Now a matador, the killer has nothing to keep him from the triumphant moment but his own ability. The mastery he achieves over all the elements of the running of the bulls; his luck in drawing good bulls; his mastery of cape, sword, and his body; the control he has over the crowd through his dramatic appearance — these factors make up the soul of his art. He will have bad days; he will be "caught" by razor-keen horns; all of his emotions will revolve around that moment in the afternoon sunlight when the bugles scream out their invitation to bloody sacrifice. The question forever on his mind will be: *Whose blood will be spilt today — mine, or el toro's?*



"I just had to come back this morning for another bottle," Effie said, smiling up at Professor Eaton. "The one I took last night made me feel better than I have ever felt before in all my life. There's not another medicine in the whole country like it, and I've tried them all, I reckon."

"Pardon me, madam," Professor Eaton said. "There are hundreds of preparations on the market today, but there is only one Indian Root Tonic. You will be doing me a great favor if you will hereafter refer to my aid-to-human-life by its true and trade-marked name. Indian Root Tonic is the name of the one and only cure for ailments of any nature. It is particularly good for the mature woman, madam."

"You shouldn't call me 'madam,' Professor Eaton," Effie said, lowering her head. "I'm just a young and foolish girl, and I'm not married yet, either."

Professor Eaton wiped the perspiration from his upper lip and looked down at Effie.

"How utterly stupid of me, my dear young lady," he said. "Anyone can see by looking at your fresh young face that you are a mere girl. Indian Root Tonic is particularly good for the young maiden."

Effie turned around to see if any of the Negroes were close enough to hear what Professor Eaton had said. She hoped that some of the women who lived on her street would walk past the corner in time to hear Professor Eaton talk like that about her.

"I never like to talk about myself, but don't you think I am too young yet to get married, Professor Eaton?"

"My dear young lady," he continued after having paused long enough to relight his dead cigar, "Indian Root Tonic is particularly good for the unmarried girl. It is the greatest discovery known to medical science since the beginning of mankind. I personally secured the formula for this marvelous medicine from an old Indian chief out in our great and glorious West, and I was compelled to promise him on my bended knee that I

would devote the remainder of my life to traveling over this great nation of ours offering Indian Root Tonic to men and women like you who would be helpless invalids without it."

He had to pause for a moment's breath. It was then that he looked down over the folded top and for the first time looked at Effie face to face. The evening before in the glare of the gasoline torch, when the lot was crowded with people pushing and shoving to get to the medicine stand before the special introductory offer was withdrawn, he had not had time to look at everyone who came up to hand him a dollar for a bottle. But now when he looked down and saw Effie, he leaned forward to stare at her.

"Oh, Professor Eaton," Effie said, "you are such a wonderful man! Just to think that you are doing such a great work in the world!"

Professor Eaton continued to stare at Effie. She was as good-looking as the next girl in town, not over thirty, and when she fixed herself up, as she had done for nearly two hours that morning before leaving home, she usually had all the drummers in town for the day staring at her and asking the storekeepers who she was.

After a while Professor Eaton climbed out of the back seat of his

car and came around to the rear where she was. He relit his cold cigar, and inspected Effie more closely.

"You know, Profesor Eaton, you shouldn't talk like that to me," she said, evading his eyes. "You really don't know me well enough yet to call me 'dear girl.' This is the first time we have been alone together, and —"

"Why! I didn't think that a beautiful young girl like you would seriously object to my honorable admiration," he said, looking her up and down and screwing up his mouth when she plucked at her blouse. "It's so seldom that I have the opportunity of seeing such a charming young girl that I must have lost momentarily all sense of discretion. But, now that we are fully acquainted with each other, I'm sure you won't object to my devoted admiration. Will you?"

"Oh Professor Eaton," Effie said excitedly, "do you really and truly think I am beautiful? So many men have told me that before, I'm accustomed to hearing it frequently, but you are the first man to say it so thrillingly!"

She tried to step backward, but she was already standing against the rear of the car. Professor Eaton moved another step closer, and there was no way for her to turn. She would not have minded that if she had not been so anxious to have a moment to look down at her blouse. She knew there must be something wrong, surely something had slipped under the waist,

because Professor Eaton had not raised his eyes from her bosom since he got out of the car and came down beside her. She wondered then if she should not have confined herself when she dressed that morning, putting on all the undergarments she wore to church on Sunday morning.

"My dear girl, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind concerning your beauty. In fact, I think you are the most charming young girl it has been my good fortune to encounter during my many travels over this great country of ours — from coast to coast, from the Lakes to the Gulf."

"You make me feel so young and foolish, Professor Eaton!" Effie said, smoothing her shirtwaist over her bosom. "You make me feel like —"

Professor Eaton turned abruptly and reached into the back seat for a bottle of Indian Root Tonic. He closed his teeth over the cork stopper and popped it out, and, with no further loss of time, handed it to Effie.

"Have this one on me, my dear girl," he said. "Just drink it down, and then see if it doesn't make you feel even better still."

Effie took the green-blown bottle looking at the picture of the strong young man in wrestler's trunks.

"I drank the whole bottle I bought last night," she said. "I drank it just before going to bed, and it made me feel so good I just couldn't lie still. I had to get up and sit on the back porch and sing a while."

"There was never a more beneficial —"

"What particular ailment is the medicine good for, Professor Eaton?"

"Indian Root Tonic is good for whatever ails you. In fact, merely as a general conditioner it is supreme in its field. And then on the other hand, there is no complaint known to medical science that it has yet failed to allevi—to help."

Effie turned up the bottle and drank down the beady, licorice-tasting fluid, all eight ounces of it. The Negroes standing around the car looked on wistfully while the alcoholic fumes from the opened bottle drifted over the lot. Effie handed the empty bottle to Professor Eaton, after taking one last look at the picture on the label.

"Oh, Professor Eaton," she said, coming closer, "it makes me feel better already. I feel just like I was going to rise off the ground and fly away somewhere."

"Perhaps you would allow me—" "To do what, Professor Eaton? What?"

He flicked the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger.

"Perhaps you would allow me to escort you to your home," he said. "Now, it's almost dinner-time, and I was just getting ready to close up my stand until the afternoon, so if you will permit me, I'll be very glad to drive you home in my automobile. Just tell me how to get there, and we'll start right away."

"You talk so romantic, Professor Eaton," Effie said, touching his arm with her hand. "You make me feel just like a foolish young girl around you."

"Then you will permit me to see you home?"

"Of course I will."

"Step this way please," he said, holding open the door and taking her arm firmly in his grasp.

After they had settled themselves in the front seat, Effie turned around and looked at Professor Eaton.

"I'll bet you have had just lots and lots of love affairs with young girls like me all over the country."

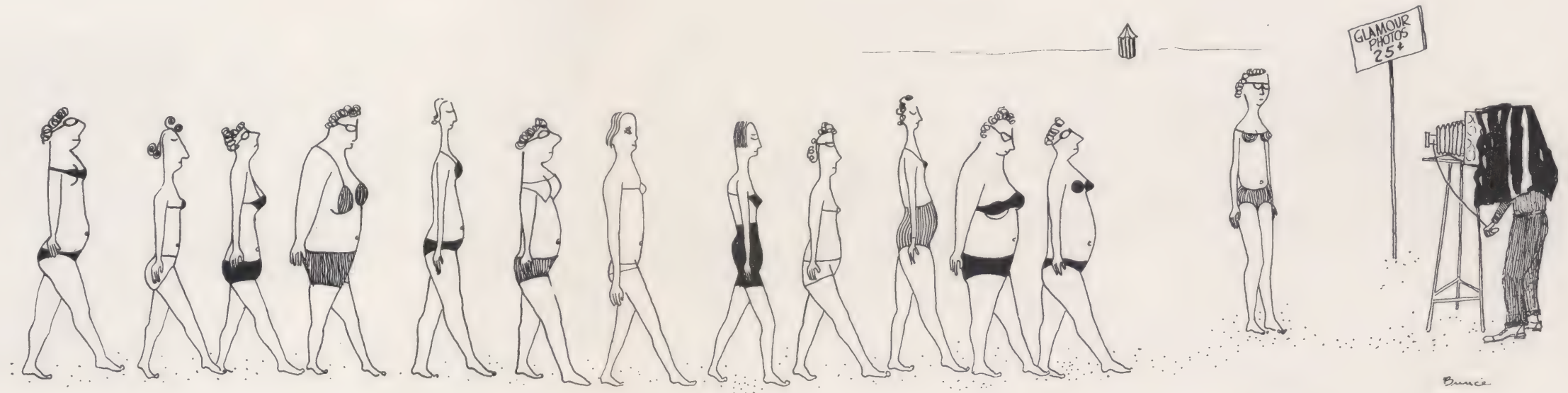
"On the contrary," he said, starting the motor, "this is the first time I have ever given my serious consideration to one of your sex. You see, I apply myself faithfully to the promotion, distribution, and sale of Indian Root Tonic. But this occasion, of course, draws me willingly from the cares of business. In fact, I consider your presence in my car a great honor. I have often wished that I might—"

"And am I the first young girl—the first woman you ever courted?"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely."

Professor Eaton drove out of the vacant weed-grown lot and turned the car up the street toward Effie's house. She lived only two blocks away, and during the time it took them to drive that distance neither of them spoke. Effie was busy looking to see if people were watching her ride with Professor Eaton in his automobile, and he was busily engaged in steering through the deep white sand in the street. When they got there, Effie told him to park the machine in front of the gate where they could step out and walk directly into the house.

They got out and Effie led the way through the front door and into the parlor. She raised one of the
(Continued on page 53)



Talk, talk, talk! That's all you hear nowadays. A good deal of the talk of late has been on the subject of sex and television, the twin opiates of the common man. And everywhere you go, you hear the same probing, insinuating, worried questions: Will television replace sex as the nation's No. 1 pastime? Has it already replaced sex? Will sex survive? Is the do-it-yourself movement doomed? If your tubes are burned out, should you call in a repair man? Or tell Dr. Kinsey?

These are the burning questions of the day. And it is only fair to tell you now that it is unlikely you will find your answer here. Very damned unlikely. But you won't find any answers anywhere else, either. Reading this, at least you can stay out of trouble. For while you read, there's precious little chance you'll get involved with either sex or television. So, read on . . .

In the past, Americans have devoted — well, a considerable amount of time to sex. And that, precisely, is what has made this nation great! If our forefathers had devoted more time to television instead of sex, where would we be today? Obviously, we wouldn't be here. Just remember that next time.

Although here and there I have taken some liberties with history, it is basically true that we owe a mountainous debt to the fact there was no television when the Declaration of Independence was signed. If the colonists had met on, say, a Saturday evening when the moon is high, what would John Hancock have said?

John Hancock would have said: "Declaration of Independence? Declaration of Schmindependence!"

"Why, John," says Ben Franklin, "what on earth do you mean?"

"Go peddle your lightning rods, Bennie boy," John Hancock replies tactlessly. "It's time to tune in Jackie Gleason!"

And they would have, too. And the declaration would have been gathering dust to this day. And the lot of us would be a colony of tea drinkers, playing cricket and eating mutton and kidney pie and — save us all! — drinking warm beer.

Such are the little things that make up our history. One of these days, when my Zodiac sign is right, I propose to bring our history up to date. Many is the night I get vaguely restive about starting this job of correcting history. But whenever the mood strikes, before you know it, it is time for Jack Benny or George Gobel, or it is time to feed the cat.

(Feeding the cat, by the way, is an interesting chore at our house. Our cat is named "Cow." It is a somewhat curious name to hang on a cat, of course. But you'd be astonished at how much we save on milk!)

To return once more to the question of television and sex — consider for a moment the type of antenna known as rabbit ears. They have multiplied. But people have not. That certainly proves something. It proves that you must watch those damned rabbit ears every minute. If you don't, you'll be up to your hips in rabbit ears before the year is over.

As Gobel's Rating Goes Up, The Birthrate Declines — Or Does It?



T.V. VS THE HUMAN RACE

And those tubes can get pretty frisky, too. The tubes get over-heated in there, see, and you've got to call the repair man right away and — well, you buy a television set and it's just one derned thing after another. Nothing is ever quite the same.

Unless you have an antenna on top of the house, which is entirely another matter and one which deserves looking into. With a roof antenna you must always face the undeniable risk when you walk around the roof (as I frequently do, now that the nights are getting cool) that you will get fouled a low blow by a sneaky antenna.

This is no joke. A fellow of my acquaintance named Sam Watling went up to shout from the house tops one cool night. It is my belief, based to a great extent on rumor, that Sam Watling wished to shout his love from the house top — his love for a bleary-eyed but agreeably pneumatic haridan named Helga Wench, by profession a secretary and by avocation a (as I believe they are called) "party girl."

Unfortunately, Sam Watling was unable to shout the first word of his undying affection for Helga Wench before a TV antenna got him from behind.

Sam, who is a kind of screwball-type fellow, a zany-type eccentric — if you follow me — immediately saw the humorous side of the situation. He promptly demanded a rematch with the antenna — but this time on a neutral roof. (Wily Sam, we used to call him.)

To anyone who reads the sporting section of the newspapers, what I am to recount next is old hat — the antenna won the rematch, too, and very handily. (A young sportswriter named Gee Presscard won himself a bonus by beginning his story in the following manner: "A hard-hitting antenna electrified the crowd in Mitt Stadium last night when he shocked Sam Wat-

ling into submission within the fifth round . . .")

Later, under Sam Watling's astute handling, the antenna went on to whip several other important contenders, showing its versatility in each fight by also bringing in a remarkably clear picture of the Groucho Marx show.

Ultimately, the antenna lost in the Garden to Ralph "Tiger" Canvas after getting himself groggy with beer during the between-round commercials.

To complete this saga, the secretary—"party girl" named Helga Wench unaccountably threw Sam Watling over giving her favors to an exorbitantly libidinous tenor saxophone player named Bert (he did not give his last name).

To this day, when the moon is high, you can see Sam Watling prowling around house tops searching for a strong TV antenna with a good left hook. People on these nights often complain of excessive static. Or so the legend goes . . .

Now, then, where the hell were we?

We were discussing sex and television, to my best recollection. Unquestionably, television has brought about changes in our mode of living and certainly this must be felt in the sex patterns of your average American male and female.

In a recent scientific survey, a total of 987.4 persons were polled and, through the latest scientific methods, it was ascertained by scientists that fully 648.9 persons would give up television altogether as an alternative against giving up sex. The rest were undecided. (This, I should add, was an extraordinarily difficult poll to take, judging from the field reports. I can cite one example in particular. There was a plump woman named Rose L., who gladly agreed to answer all questions in the mistaken belief that she was being tricked into being the surprise subject on "This Is Your Life." When she discovered that the

survey was, indeed, no ruse for Ralph Edwards and his henchmen, she was distraught and threatened a lawsuit. She tore up the interviewer's notes and, for good measure, blackened his left eye.)

One of the men who helped conduct the survey, a bogus nobleman named Count Watling, reported what could be considered a typical case. He ventured unannounced to the typical home of a Mr. and Mrs. S.A., living in typical lower middle-class splendor in the typical suburb of Charge Account Heights.

After convincing the occupants of the house that he was selling nothing, he was given a cordial welcome. He took pencil in hand and checked off the first question.

"How often . . .?" he began.

"Well, it all depends," replied Mr. S. A. "I mean, well, you know, sometimes I'm tired or Mrs. S.A. — the "missus" as I like to call her — maybe she's tired, what with the seven kids and the washing and the gossiping, so what happens is . . ."

Blushing slightly, Count Watling waved his pencil and shook his head in the negative as he said, with a boyish smile acquired from viewing James Stewart movies: "No, what I meant to say is, how often do you watch television?"

A wary expression crossed Mr. S.A.'s face.

Eyes narrowing, fists clinched, S. A. declared in low, even tones: "Listen, you, whatever-your-name is, I don't like strangers getting personal, know what I mean?"

At this point, Mrs. S.A. put her hand gently on her spouse's burly shoulder, which was revealed plainly through the large, modish rip in his T-shirt.

"Oh, don't be stuffy dear," she soothed. "After all, you told that Dr. Kinsey fellow *everything*. Even —" she announced, "— even things you never told me. All that stuff about love potions."

Mrs. S.A. jabbed her husband affectionately in the ribs. It was, considering the circumstances, a tender scene. Count Watling averted his eyes.

Finally, after nuzzling Mrs. S.A. for a few heart-warming seconds, Mr. S.A. smiled and shrugged, "Okay, mac, the missus — as I fondly like to call her — is right as rain. You ask the questions and I'll do my level best to answer 'em — even if they are personal."

Cheered by the pleasant turn of events, Count Watling resumed his questions.

"How do you start your day, sir?" he asked.

Mr. S.A. answered quickly. "With
(Continued on page 54)

BY RALPH ALEXANDER



Funnier is the zeal with which ad-men strain to spray sex into any and every merchandisable product, even those with long histories of dignity, sanctimony, and carriage trade. It is a maxim among these bejittered costermongers that if one would make fried mushra'at a Thanksgiving staple instead of turkey, or peddle a dollar watch for \$50, or sell a junkety-umpo Detroit convertible designed to hold together just long enough to let the sucker achieve his final payment, the job can only be done by dumbly lubricious babes with bottoms either half bare or tightly draped to the point of bursting at the caress of a zephyr, with legs that make grandfathers slaver, with busts like New England drumlins.

If the ad deals with the more necessary human functions, then the sex overhang can be sanded down a bit with *tailleur* suit or lavish gown, posed alongside a busted-down actor in a white laboratory coat or a smug old fairy wearing a physician's head mirror, thus lending an enhancing touch of scientific rectitude and consulting-room propriety to the odoriferous text.

Oi, I admit that bathing suits and false teeth, and shoes and bras and rear-torturing girdles can hardly be displayed to advantage on barber poles and fire plugs.

But are ladies' twitchful *derrieres* necessary to peddle lawn mowers?

Are female knees a requisite for proving that a cedar chest will keep moths out of Uncle Teaberry's lodge uniform?

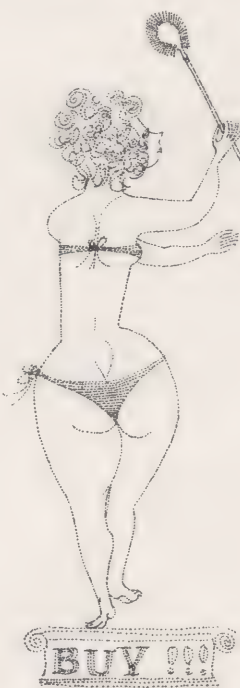
And unless all our women have suddenly become a race of bullydiking Lesbians, will our good wives and

sugarpots lope to buy nylons simply because they are touted by a tall twist with G-string and beckoning thighs, wearing a barbaric expression betokening many ecstatic grunts?

Advertisers never take off the Seventh Veil.

But they leave neither clue nor suggestion unturned in slyly thumbing your attention — even on purer-than-snow-TV — toward what would be revealed if the veil were dropped.

They do it most often, and most efficiently and profitably, with their infantile *tabu*—devised to grease and placate smut-smiters—against uncrossed female legs, a provocative piece of ostrich idiocy, which lately has trickled as far as the saw-and-hatchet adver-



tising of rube feed mills, in yokel newspapers.

Any man, when his porcelain privy throne needs internal polishing for some gala social event, can do the job properly and correctly with a handful of flowerpot sand and an old Navy watchcap on the end of a fly swatter. But the housewife, to whom the privy-cleaners address their advertising? *Gevalt!*

She is exhorted to get all dressed up, as for wedding or christening, and then languidly employ any one of a dozen brummagem gadgets and floozily perfumed preparations. The job is scarcely an aesthetic one, even by the standards of Arthur Godfrey and Salvador Dali, and the costume, one would think, should be utilitarian.

Anywhere, that is, except in the nutty Nirvana of advertising. There a party frock, a cocktail dress, a gown with Cadillac V-notch between the headlamps is bespoke, along with the inevitable "let's go upstairs" smirk.

Nobody ever, ever goes downstairs in the advertising cathedrals.

An innate sense of dirtiness and guilt sends women in monomaniacal droves to buy and employ vigorously all manner of soaps and detergents and cleaners, many of them no doubt excellent.

This same sense of kinship with goats, this same itch for blatant spic-and-span cleanliness, governs that greedy, furtive department of advertising which is labeled, with nauseous candy-tongs delicacy, "feminine hygiene."

The old account executives in the ad agencies, snuffing ruttishly about with that one, wax their moustachious with anchovy paste and really stage a *smorgasbord* holiday.

In coy thoughts strained through sterilized joy-towels that would delight the housekeeping sensibilities of Polly Adler, in words writ with prophylactic quills plucked from fumigated cherubs' wings, brides are given the aseptic old backfence lowdown on a dizzy copywriter's conception of how to glue a bridegroom's knees and elbows to the mattress when, after too many dead-stick landings, he wants to scam and hop a freight.

It would be heresy indeed, in such a Doity-Goity-Moiphy dream world, to point out that the bactericidal fundamentals of the same job can be accomplished safely with identical every-

(Continued on page 52)



Be It Girl, Or Bird,

A Certain Finesse Is Required



STUFFING THE PIGEON

ALL through dinner the two young men had ogled the luscious redhead, peering over the husky shoulders of her male companion, who was now picking up the check. Another moment and they would lose forever even a chance for a closer look.

Crossing the restaurant, they paused at the table where the Titian-haired beauty, licking her dimpled chops, was shrugging into her mink stole while her escort put the folding money on the waiter's tray.

"Before you leave, would you settle a bet for us?" they asked the girl's escort. "My friend and I have a little hobby of guessing professions. He thinks you are in law — a judge perhaps. I figure you are a doctor. Who wins? And can we buy you and the lady a drink?"

"It won't work, boys!" The reply was affable but final.

"Let's say that tonight I am a *taxidermist*. I have just finished stuffing this little pigeon," he nodded significantly to where Red was swishing out to the powder room, "and a good taxidermist always does his own mounting, especially with a fine specimen."

Clearing the table, the waiter nudged the boys out of the way with a sympathetic snicker for the neatest brush-off of the week. But one lad was not so easily dismissed and, determined to learn something from the deal, he put a fat tip on the tray and asked:

"What did that guy order for dinner? Just how

did he stuff that pigeon?"

"He always calls ahead," replied the waiter. "He brings beautiful ladies but, of course, one at a time. No blue-plate special for this gentleman. He dines with taste, never boisterous and demanding. Tonight it was a pretty meal to watch.

"First I bring a litre of tequilla, a compote of lime wedges, and two little crystal glasses. He moistens the back of her hand with a kiss and sprinkles it with salt. He teaches her to toss off a thimblefull at a time, neat, with a quick bite of lime juice and a lick of salt off the hand. Nothing beats this as a before-dinner drink. Not filling, but a sharpener of all senses, including appetite.

"Presently I bring them each a chilled lobster tail on romaine. This must be cut crosswise in thin slices and put back together again, with a fluted garnish of fresh mayonnaise arched over the top. We make it from cream, eggs, and oil after he arrives, and at the last minute we whip in a ripe avocado. Green, very pretty. I bring a brown stone crock of fresh cucumbers, iced the Hungarian way in sour cream.

"Soon I bring their steaks: a rare filet for her and a certain porterhouse I have been saving for him. With this he likes a Dutch or Danish brew. Comes then, too, a little casserole of green peas cooked with lettuce leaves, gay with pimienta. No starches, no sweets, for this gourmet.

"After the beef and the beer comes clear, black coffee, hot as hell, and he warms a tablespoon full of *Strega* over the candle and makes a Royal for her. They are happy; they are in love; they go upstairs."

The boys glanced around the room, seeing not even a mezzanine.

"We have no second floor; it is an expression."

He smiled at their receding backs, snug in the satisfaction of having held out something, the traditional prerogative of any waiter worth his *monosodium glutamate*. The Spanish saffron in the mayonnaise and the taboo absinthe in the cube sugar were little pantry secrets too choice for raw beginners.

The art of stuffing of pigeons is not learned in the first lesson.

From the first ape-man loping cave-ward to his drooling mate, a still-warm liver dripping in his hands, right on down to Junior and his date bundling and tarrying in the convertible with hot dogs from the drive-in, feeding and courting go hand-in-hand, or is it neck-and-neck? Between these extremes in times are recorded many offerings which would send today's fair lady retching and gasping for the outer air.

Field mice simmered in honey with pepper was something pretty special in Middle England. Seagulls snared and fattened in captivity on bull's entrails were an upper bracket delicacy to charm a lady's palate. Boiled sheeps' or pigs' stomachs stuffed with "fry" and brains made the haggis which Bobbie Burns praises. Straight scotch was the orthodox accompaniment for this viand. Or should we say the necessary fortification? Larks were everybody's dish, caught by dazing them with mirrors, and to this day these luckless songsters grace the menu at the Cheshire Cheese in London.

Down in Rome, Lucullus, broadened in more ways than one by travel, initiated a trend in feasting — hosting dinners which took all night long to consume, and offering among other novelties imitation eggs made of dough with boned fig-peckers baked inside. Over in Greece, a greedy poet is described by Aristotle as wearing finger-stalls for grabbing up hot meat and a covering made of fine fish skin to protect his tongue.

Latin lovers had achieved a fine state of hair-splitting discrimination by being able to identify the individual flavors of their beloveds' kisses. Pop-pala, Nero's second wife, delivered lusty busses tasting like wild berries, the book says. Today, in big cities, some party girls chew parsley and

celery on their way to a call; and at the senior picnic when Buster asks his girl friend if she is going to eat an onion, he's operating on sound principle. "*Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine!*" is a tender sentiment from a sweet love song, but it rings no bell for the fellow stuck with the lass, alas, whose smack smacks of a mouthful of small change.

Men of *Distinction* in the recent past distinguished fine eats as well as fine drinkin'-likker. Some choice culinary paradoxes are revealed in their nominations for gastronomic Oscars. Frank Buck turns his back on animal flesh and bucks for Tennessee cornbread, tested with a broom straw and "et hot" with a smidgin of honey-butter. Robert Benchley was a hassenpfeffer hound, addicted to the way Hofmann of Luchow's cooked it, the final flourish being the addition of a half cup of hare's blood.

Bouillabaisse a la Major Joseph Tilden, a dish contrived without pigs (Guinea or otherwise) was the dream meal of Ellis Parker Butler. Adding a spoonful of mud from the bed of the harbor of Marseilles is said to be the secret of this piscatorial concoction when made in the land of its origin, but most Americans are content to eat their peck of dirt before they die incidentally, instead of overtly. New Orleans jambalaya (pronounced jambol-i) was a favorite repast of Sherwood Anderson, who maintained that in that city you can smell "what's cooking" wherever you go. Paul Whiteman eschewed his favorite beef and kidney pie (a la Charlie Chaplin — no larks, or San Quentin quail, either) while he was shedding the Whiteman's Burden, his excess weight of 85 pounds. For each diner, Charlie put a hardboiled egg under the crust, and a ring of Brussels sprouts — an old Limey standby — all around the trencher, a fitting dish indeed to set before the king of jazz.

Gertrude Stein, whose stuffing of pigeons seems to have been confined to stuffing her manuscripts with repetitious mentions of "*Pigeons on the grass, alas*" presents at least one down-to-earth idea in the Alice B. Toklas Cookbook. This is a natural for hunters who like to follow through on their atavistic tendencies, cook their game themselves, and see it eaten and appreciated by their near dears. Saddle of venison or boar is marinated overnight in dry red wine and a spice bouquet. Scrubbed dry, and roasted at high heat to give a brown crust to the outside and retain the juices, the marinade gooped up with melted butter is sponged on with the spice bag at 12-

minute basting intervals. Peeled chestnuts are dropped in around the roast, at the last, and are served as a vegetable.

A crafty nimrod will embellish this meal with Perigord truffles, which, according to Frank Crowninshield, are quicker than other truffles to excite amorous fervor in women. Even the trained pigs and dogs who sniff them out of the ground are of superior breed. Setting a gamy table for a lady love is a nice male gesture, anyway, and who knows but what it may make a camp follower out of her.

In the medieval days when the gals hankered for more moose they set a bowl of spurs on the table, to indicate that the larder was low, and time high for the mighty hunters to hit the trail. In our culture, the charming budget wreckers have more subtle ways of beating daddy back to the salt mines to bring home the bacon.

Cropping up again and again in the writings of and on masculine carnivores is wistful conjecture on the flavor, the texture, the unique quality of that same "long-pig" mentioned by the good doctor. Spokesmen for barbaric tribes have deplored the colossal waste of deep-freezable protein in this century's idealistic wars. With primitive logic a South Seas native chieftain asks, "Why kill 'em yet, if you're not gonna eat 'em now?"

We have not far to go for verification of values here. In 1846, Lewis Keseberg ate two married women, Lavinia Murphy and Tamsen Donner, during a lean stretch on his trip to the Golden West, Bernard De Voto reports in "*The Year of Decision*" that Lewis relished Lavinia over Tamsen, but by that time he must have been hungrier. Anyway, he rendered the fat — four pounds of it.

Well, what's for dessert?

The morning papers are yammering about mutations in the female of the species, already rated more deadly than the male. The gals boom-boomed by the atomic bombs, like the old gray mare, ain't what they used to be. Way down yonder in the animal kingdom, at the mantis level, a voracious lady devours her mate after exhausting him and whetting her own appetite through intercourse. Better look ahead, Mister, and decide on a good filler to finish stuffing your current pigeon. Otherwise, when the waiter asks, "Sweet or savory, Madam?" her agitated glance might fall across the table on the condemned man eating a hearty meal.

THE JEWELS

The lovely one was naked and, knowing well my prayer,
She wore her loud bright armoury of jewels. They
Evoked in her the savage and victorious air
Of Moorish concubines upon a holiday.

When it gives forth, being shaken, its gay mocking noise,
This world of metal and of stone, aflare in the night,
Excites me monstrously, for chiefest of my joys
Is the luxurious commingling of sound and light.

Relaxed among the pillows, she looked down at me
And let herself be gazed upon at leisure — as if
Lulled by my wordless adoration, like the sea
Washing perpetually about the foot of a cliff.

Slowly, regarding me like a trained leopardess,
She slouched into successive poses. A certain ease,
A certain candour coupled with lasciviousness,
Lent a new charm to the old metamorphoses.

The whole lithe harmony of loins, hips, buttocks, thighs,
Tawny and sleek, and undulant as the neck of a swan,
Began to move hypnotically before my eyes:
And her large breasts, those fruits I have grown lean upon,

I saw float toward me, tempting as the angels of hell,
To win my soul in thralldom to their dark caprice
Once more, and lure it down from the high citadel
Where, calm and solitary, it thought to have found peace.

She stretched and reared, and made herself all belly. In
truth,
It was as if some playful artist had joined the stout
Hips of Antiope to the torso of a youth!
The room grew dark, the lamp having flickered and gone
out,

And now the whispering fire that had begun to die,
Falling in lucent embers, was all the light therein —
And when it heaved at moments a flamboyant sigh
It inundated as with blood her amber skin.

from the "FLOWERS OF EVIL"
by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE
Translated by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
and GEORGE DILLON

JAGUARS, MARTINIS (Continued from page 23)

But to get down to specifics, here are a few generalities which the true artist will find little difficulty in applying to his particular problem (or problems). If these seven cardinal steps for the seduction of the innocent and the unwary prove unsuccessful, we suggest you give up the ghost. You ain't gotta chance.

1) To begin with, it is imperative that you create the illusion that you are a good, solid fellow, steady, reliable and trustworthy. The fact that you aren't, and couldn't possibly be, is irrelevant. The very nature of your role precludes your being anything other than an unmitigated cad, and don't ever deceive yourself to the contrary. However, once the basic premise has been established, regardless of how unjustly, that you are a nice person, half the battle has been won and your prospects for ultimate success may, conservatively be estimated as promising. At least you're on the right track. But even after this ground work has been laid, the conversation inevitably will work around to a dialogue which runs something like this:

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Why should I?"

There is no answer but to lie — not that you haven't been corrupting the truth all along. But at this point, all the time-honored BBD&O public relations techniques will be none too grandiose for your cause. If you get stuck, ad lib.

2) **Swear your life away, but not your bachelorhood.** If you already are married (you beast) don't let the lady see visions of signed divorce papers. Sate the conversation with vague references, to marriage and motherhood. Casually drop the information that you can hardly wait for "Be Kind to Children Week." Give her hand a knowing squeeze when you pass expectant mothers on the street. Preface your remarks with such phrases as, "When I get married," or "Someday when I settle down," or "I can't decide whether I want my first child to be a boy or a girl." But never be more specific. If you are, you proceed at your own risk and this magazine accepts no responsibility for the eventual outcome of such tom-foolery.

3) **Wax poetic.** You can take the edge off this nauseating approach by remembering that there is no cleverer guise than poetry for a hard-driving, razor-sharp fear program. Deftly hold up the spectre of rapidly advancing

old age. Quote Robert Herrick's "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time."

*"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
"Old Time is still a-flying:*

*"And this same flower that smiles
today,*

"Tomorrow will be dying."

Or try a bit of Omar Khayyam:

*"Ah, make the most of what we yet
may spend,*

"Before we too into Dust descend..."

4) **Avoid her parents like the plague.** The same for her sisters, brothers and girl friends. The fewer who get a look at you the better your chances of escaping detection. The whole family may not be a gullible as she is. But if you do get trapped into meeting them, be as sweet as Aunt Ella at a Sunday School social. Size them all up — in particular the Old Man and big brother. Also, double check whether the family keeps firearms in the house. You can never tell when these odd bits of intelligence may prove handy.

5) **Quote Kinsey.** Make her feel she's deviating from the norm. Plant the idea that perhaps she's just a trifle neurotic in her persistence in avoiding for so long the physical fulfillment of femininity.

6) **Never talk about your former conquests.** From her limited perspective, she'll imagine the worst (which won't be half as bad as your past has really been) and she'll be intrigued. Her fascination will grow as her curiosity increases, and will know no bounds. Virgins are like that.

7) **When the time has come** when the lady seems about to say yes, freeze up. That'll confuse her and make her lose confidence in herself. She'll be determined to *seduce* you then. Make sure this happens in your car while parked in some conspicuous spot — like the front of her house. Then you'll have a perfect excuse to refuse her on the grounds that there's a time and place for everything. Suggest your apartment the following evening (we presume you have an apartment or you have no business being in this racket). When the appointed evening arrives, cruise up to her front door in a low-slung Jaguar. Then breeze off to your flat with the casual air of a fire engine gunning to a four-alarm. Serve martinis, but don't let the lady get drunk. Intoxicate her with the scent of Fa-berge. Add soft lights, cool music . . . and proceed smoothly.

If, after all this, she still says no, we suggest you try another girl.

THE MICE (Continued from page 5)

of my flash light away from the glittering bottles and focused it, carefully and for the rest of my visit, on the hole in the yellow ceiling.

The little woman began to cry. She cried softly.

Nobody moved.

The next morning they went away.

Before we even knew they were going, they were half down the alley, at six a. m., carrying their luggage, which seemed light enough to be entirely empty. I tried to stop them. I talked to them. They were old friends, I said. Nothing has changed, I said. They had nothing to do with the fire, I said, or the hole in the roof. I would fix the roof myself, no charge, no charge to them at all! But they did not look at me. They stared at the house and at and many loud avenues stretching in a maze. They hurried proudly, though, heads up, not looking back.

It was only by accident I ever met them again. At Christmastime, one evening, I saw the little man running quietly along the twilight street ahead of me. On a whim, I followed. When he turned, I turned. At last, two blocks away from our old neighborhood, he scratched softly, patiently at the door the open end of the alley ahead of

them, while I talked. Then, when I stopped, they nodded to the alley as if agreeing that it was now time to go, and walked off, and then began to run, it seemed, away from me, toward the street where there were trolley cars and roaring buses and hurtling automobiles of a little white house. I saw the door open, shut, and lock him in. As night settled over the tenement city, a small light burned like blue mist in the tiny living room as I passed. I thought I saw, but probably imagined, two silhouettes there, he on his side of the room, sitting in his own particular chair, and she on her side of the room, sitting, sitting in the dark, and one or two bottles beginning to collect on the floor behind the chairs, and not a sound, not a sound between them. Only the silence.

I did not go up and knock. I strolled by. I walked on along the avenue, listening to the parrot cafes scream. I bought a newspaper, a magazine, and a twenty-five-cent pocket-edition book. Then I went home to where all the lights were lit and there was warm food upon the table.





"This beats TV any day—"

day chemicals from the corner grocery, at a cost of about 18 cents a bottle.

But, my good wives and jolly burghers, at that price would there be any velvet, any profit to pay for the druggist's stench of advertising-agency "science" and the druggist's white coat, and by corollary, for the gland-warming aura of pseudo-ethical *Sex*?

Over in the lush editorial departments of fabulous news weeklies, where studiously seedy Great Publicists puff gopher jowls and give vent to ponderous editorial saws, sex has become as requisite a fixture as the barbitol and benzedrine fetched in by the Ivy League copy punks.

The snuffy pundits of these digests, who once recoiled in shocked floor-walker disdain from the cheesecaking, leering, leg-feeling tabloids, long since found a timorous wild oat or two profitable and now are sowing with regularity a bumper crop with both the helf-nekked and the nood alternating with Vesuvian bosoms on titillating covers.

And in the offices of those hit-me-while-I'm-happy monthly reprint compilations, when Fate with a hairline

shadow merely threatens to snip 30 cents or so off the staggering annual cash net, alarmed Rover Boy editors get together with a scoutmaster, a cleric, a naturalist to whip up a timely article on good old bangeroo, keep-fit, up-and-at-'em cleanhearted Sunday School boy sex, designed to uplift via reading in the lamplit family circle.

Such bird seed makes chins wag, hearts pound and weary husbands cuss a blue streak.

It makes for eager new readers.

It contributes great clots of emotional stimulation to parochial living, especially down on the farm.

Those hypocritical magazines which periodically warn writers to throttle down on sex yet have their own way of purveying it, with the seeming bland innocence of a Vassar bicycle seat, for all their impudent doctoring of manuscripts to keep them on the Panty-Aunty side.

The illustrating artist, low lecher that he is, reads the script with his own wagging variety of Geiger counter.

Let just a teeny-weeny mote of sex appear — a farm wench, maybe, turning an old-fashioned coffee grinder, or

vigorously pumping a pail of water — and he leaps to his easel with bristles poised, there to turn out lurid arty splashes of Bikini-clad virgins and virile bulbous males, of deep-zoned temptresses in mosquito-netting night-shirts and bronzed satyrs wearing shorts; even if the well-meaning author intended all his female characters to wear padlocked Mother Hubbards and Mr. L. L. Bean's famed bear-paw snowshoes, that lewd artist will find himself a sexy way.

Such confections enchant and seduce a vast audience, all the way from the suburban three-car set to the drudge in dirty dungarees who shops at the supermarket with her brat's express wagon; they make for good pin-up stuff in factory lavatories, too.

True, a bewildered author occasionally will cry, "Gee, that *is* my story, ain't it?"

Authors never matter.

Sex does, and how.

Sex is busting out all over.

Sex is everywhere except in the umbrella business.

That is good. One can always use a good bumbershoot to keep the atomized radiation of publicized sex off the poor old bald head these days.

Barber Shop "Harmony"



On successive days, a young man stuck his head into the doorway of Sam's barber shop and asked: "How many ahead of me?"

On being informed that two or three people were waiting, he'd look at his watch, shake his head and depart. On the third day, he repeated his question and was told there was only one customer ahead of him. Again he looked at his watch and hurried off. Sam's curiosity was aroused.

He called his shine boy over and said, "Oscar, that guy puzzles me. Even with only one customer ahead, he won't come in for a haircut. Follow him and see where he goes."

In a short while, the shine boy returned, and Sam inquired, impatiently, "Well?"

"Well what?" countered the uneasy shine boy.

"Well, where did that guy go?"

"Boss," said the shine boy, edging away. "He went over to your house."

shades a few inches and dusted off the sofa.

Professor Eaton stood near the middle of the room, looking uneasily through the small opening under the shade, and listening intently for sounds elsewhere in the house.

"Just sit down here on the sofa beside me," Effie said. "I know I am perfectly safe alone with you, Professor Eaton."

Effie closed her eyes and allowed herself the pleasure of feeling scared to death of Professor Eaton. It was an even nicer feeling than the one she had had the night before when she drank the first bottle of Indian Root Tonic and got into bed.

"And this is the ancestral home?" he asked.

"Don't let's talk about anything but you—and me," Effie said. "Wouldn't you just like to talk about us?"

Professor Eaton began to feel more at ease, now that it was evident that they were alone in the house.

"Perhaps," Professor Eaton said, sitting closer to Effie and looking down once more at her blouse, "perhaps you will permit me to diagnose your complaint. You see, I am well versed in the medical science, and I can tell you how many bottles of Indian Root Tonic you should use in your particular case. Naturally, some people require a greater number of bottles than others do."

"I won't have to—"

"Oh, no," he said, "that won't be at all necessary, though you may do as you like about it. I can just—"

"Are you sure it's perfectly all right, Professor Eaton?"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely."

Effie smoothed her shirtwaist with her hands and pushed her shoulders forward. Professor Eaton bent towards her, reaching for her hand.

He held her hand for a few seconds, feeling her pulse, and then dropped it to press his ear against her bosom to listen to her heartbeat. While he listened, Effie tucked up a few loose strands of hair that had fallen over her temples.

"Perhaps," he said raising his head momentarily, "perhaps if you will merely—"

"Of course, Professor Eaton," Effie said excitedly.

He bent closer after she had fumbled nervously with the blouse and pressed his head against her breasts.

Her heartbeat jarred his eardrum.

After a while Professor Eaton sat up and loosened the knot in his necktie and wiped the perspiration from his upper lip with the back of his hand. It was warm in the room, and there was no ventilation with the door closed.

"Perhaps I have already told you—"

"Oh, no! You haven't told me!" she said eagerly, holding her hands tightly clasped and looking down at herself with bated breath. "Please go ahead and tell me, Professor Eaton!"

"Perhaps," he said, fingering the open needlework in her blouse, "perhaps you would like to know that Indian Root Tonic is the only complete aid for general health on the market today. And in addition to its general curative properties, Indian Root Tonic possesses the virtues most women find themselves in need of during the middle and later stages of life. In other words it imparts a vital force to the glands that are in most need of new vitality. I am sure that once you discover for yourself the marvelous power of rejuvenation that Indian Root Tonic possesses, you will never again be alone in the house without

it. In fact, I can say without fear of successful contradiction that—"

Effie laid her blouse aside.

"Do you want me to take—"

"Oh yes; by all means," he replied hastily. "Now, as I was saying—"

"And this, too, Professor Eaton. This, too?"

Professor Eaton reached over and pinched her lightly. Effie giggled and passed her hands over her bosom as though she were smoothing her shirtwaist.

"I don't suppose you happen to have another bottle of that tonic in your pocket, do you Professor Eaton?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," he said, "but just outside in my car there are several cases full. If you'll let me, I'll step out and—"

"Oh, no!" Effie cried, clutching at his arms and pulling him back beside her. "Oh, Professor Eaton don't leave me now!"

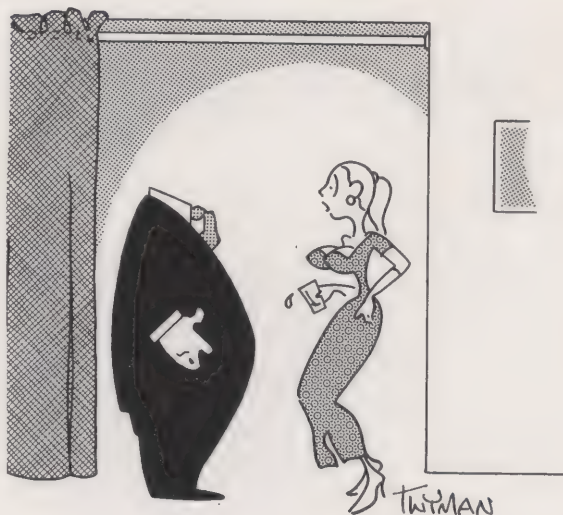
"Very well," he said, sitting down beside her once more. "And now as I was saying, Indian Root Tonic's supernatural powers of re—"

"Professor Eaton, do you want me to take off all of this—like this?"

"Absolutely," he said. "And Indian Root Tonic has never been known to fail, whereas in so many—"

"You don't want me to leave anything—"

(Continued on page 58)



"So I says to him, 'So What?'"

the TV morning show, of course."

Mrs. S.A. smiled approvingly. "We wouldn't miss it," she said. "All the news and the interviews and the weather, like how it's going to snow in Casper, Wyoming, and the low pressure that's hitting Red Wing, Minn., and the scattered showers and continued cloudiness in Jacksonville, Fla. All like that. It gives you —" momentarily she was lost for words — "a feeling of being an American."

"Well expressed, missus," put in S.A. "If there is anything that truly gives you a more patriotic feeling than knowing that light showers are expected soon in Omaha, Nebraska, well, I don't know about it."

"You mean," said Count Watling, putting down his pencil, "that you feel the sweep and the beauty and the grandeur of this great country of ours, this country of hill and plain and mountaintop and city sidewalks and the right to boo the Dodgers and to eat ma's blueberry pie and the wooded glens and grassy knolls and Walt Whitman and Bert Parks and Calvin Coolidge. Is that what you mean?"

"No," said S.A.

"Say, mister," Mrs. S.A. asked, "just who is Grassy Knolls?"

"Coward Noel's brother," joshed Count Watling. There was general laughter at this.

Count Watling wagged his pencil. "Ah, but time draws nigh. No more of jollity. We have work to do."

"Listen, mister," said S.A., "you look like a regular-type fella, so I'll level with you. Who cares about hill and plain and the weather? But down at the office we got what's known as a weather pool. You chip in, see, and you pick a card with a city on it, see, and you follow the weather in that city. The pool was started by one of our secretaries, a girl named Helga Wench."

"I see," said Count Watling.

"The best payoff is on the lousiest weather. I got Phoenix four times last winter. Lost a lotta money on Phoenix. Goddam sun."

"Yes of course," said Count Watling, "Now, then, to resume our questioning, before you got your TV set and there was no morning show to look at, how did you start your day? How long, for example, did it take for you to get out of the house, Mr. S.A.?"

A blush crossed Mrs. S.A.'s face. "You tell him, dear," she said.

"All right," he said. "We watch TV in the morning now for like 20 minutes. Before we got our set, we used to — well, not get up at all until 20 minu-

tes later. We stayed abed. You follow me?"

"Then TV has changed your life?"

"Yes, indeed!" declared Mrs. S.A.

"Now, then, how about at night?" Count Watling persisted.

"Well, you know how it is at night," said Mr. S.A. "There's the boxing and the wrestling and the panel shows and the roller derbies and the drama and we get a good cry at 'This Is Your Life,' and my wife — the missus — likes to watch Perry Como and I like to watch Dinah Shore. Then before you know it, it's time for the late movie. And the night's all shot."

"Them movies last pretty late," said Mrs. S.A. sadly.

"How late?" asked Count Watling.

"Real, real late," she said.

"You know how it is," said S.A. "Before the late movie is over, I'm already corked off asleep on the couch. Then maybe the missus nudges me 'hey, it's late already' and it's time to stagger over to the bed and fall asleep all over again."

"Every night it's the same thing," she said.

Count Watling poised his pencil to write. Then he decided to ask one more question.

"But," he said, "if television has made such a big change in your lives, when . . . I mean, how come . . . the seven kids . . . well, what I mean is, when do you ever find time?"

"Oh," said Mr. S.A., brightening, "there's always the commercials!"



the past. I hope that Kenton makes it with this one, not only because he is such a nice, sincere guy personally but for the sake of jazz itself. (The exigencies of magazine publishing and the business of music being what they are, the band may not even be in existence when this appears in print a month or two from now. I'm hoping, though.)

I said for the sake of jazz itself. Because I feel that unless jazz progresses, it will die. By that I don't mean that there will come a time when there is no popular music to dance to or that the blue-jean set will not listen to hill-billy music. I do mean that jazz as a vital expression demands by its very nature, experimentation. Without experimentation, there is a definite limit to creative interpretation in the standard 32-bar pop chorus and the standard blues chord pattern. Bop and "progressive" jazz are the threads which, as of today, can lead out of this static maze. This is not to say that bop is the ultimate; bop has horizons of its own which eventually must be pushed back if jazz is to have a vital future.

The jazz purists who today kneel in their critical temples before their idols named Bechet and Armstrong and Oliver are forerunners of the worshipers who, 20 years hence, will be kneeling before idols named Kenton and Brubeck and Gillespie and Shorty Rogers and Maynard Ferguson. And, 20 years later new idols will be in the process of creation, unless the atom returns us all, or what's left of us, to the hills and their billies.

I don't believe, however, that today's purists are worshipping exclusively false idols. Their idols named Armstrong and Ellington, for example, are well established as authentic gods in the jazz Pantheon. This is valid worship; what I complain of is their failure to recognize and accept new and equally authentic gods.

This dwelling in the past is no good for jazz. Jazz history has a natural and important place in the study of jazz as a whole, but its importance lies chiefly in the establishment of values and standards which can be used to guide the progressive course of the musicians of today and tomorrow. The fans who sit around Eddie Condon's and recall the great old days of Dixie to the exclusion of the rest of the body of jazz literature, or the goateed cats who gather around the bop joints spouting jive and swallowing bennies, are not the authentic prophets, and their standards are not

the most valid.

The really inspired prophets are the dedicated young musicians who live with jazz, who study it, love it and work at it. Not that a musician is necessarily a superman, although the best musicians possess a certain indefinable superiority. Human, like the rest of us, they suffer bellyaches and hangovers and sometimes have to play when they don't feel like it. They may have wife or girlfriend trouble or be behind in their union dues or draw a two-weeks' notice right at the moment their car payment is due. Sometimes, under any or all of these adverse conditions, they are required to approach a microphone in a TV or radio or recording studio and give out with an inspired solo. The true test of their greatness in such circumstances is that the rapt listener gets himself knocked out listening.

You see them, these young men with horns, gathered where musicians gather, at the corner of Sunset and Vine in Hollywood or along Forty-second Street in New York. Go 'way back and recall an Art Hodes solo to one of them, and he'll not only remember it, but he'll hum it back to you and tell you the notes and their values.

But, chances are, he won't want to play like Hodes. He gets his jollies from more modern heroes.

If he likes to go back at all, he is inclined to go 'way back — back to the classicists. There's a group of fine young musicians in Los Angeles and Hollywood who gather every Sunday afternoon for an afternoon of chamber music, and *their* idols are the members of the London String Quartet! But go back to Hodes, or Oliver, or Singleton? No.

To these young musicians — and to some who are not as young in years as in temperament and spirit — jazz is a part of the larger body of good music as a whole. They get excited over Kenton or Brubeck or Shelley Manne or anyone progressive, and this includes such serious folk as Grant Still and Aaron Copland and Berlioz. And it's not that they don't get excited over Beethoven and Mozart, too.

The fact is, though — and this may disillusion some jazz "purists" — they rarely display enthusiasm over the performance of old-time jazzmen, no matter how prominent the legend of their names. And, to me, it's inconceivable that anyone can seriously compare an old recording by Beiderbeck with a recent recording by, say, Maynard Ferguson or Chet Baker.

There's been a lot of loose talk lately about the various "sounds," as, for example, the "West Coast sound." This I don't dig. The West Coast, like the East Coast, has as many "sounds" as there are schools of jazz. There is a lot of progressive jazz on the West Coast, most probably because, to the young and eager musician, Hollywood is a modern Mecca, with its motion picture and TV studios, recording companies and plethora of nightclubs and ballrooms, which offer the promise of steady work in congenial surroundings and, most important, a sympathetic hearing.

But there is also (to me, unfortunately) a lot of hill-billy and rhythm-and-blues on the West Coast, as well as a lot of commercial music of the pop variety, and it all gets a hearing. On the West Coast, Dixie still has a wide following and many small groups specialize in it.

When I was in high school, along about 1923, doubling in piano, jazz whistle and ukelele, the thirteenth chord was real wild. It was just noise to the average cat of the day — they were called "sheiks" then — but musicians liked it and used it to death. Then, about 20 years later, they were kicking the flatted fifth around and *that* was real wild. I don't think I added a sixth to a major chord until about 1932, and as far as I know, nobody else did either; now I don't know any piano player who plays a major without a sixth — and recently its the major seventh, which undoubtedly would have been outlandish to King Oliver.

Not only does it seem to me that the modern jazzman has more to say, partially because of what has been done in the past, but he also is better equipped to say it. He has better instruments and techniques, and the tempo of the times is up and nervous. This is an ideal climate for driving, biting jazz, and it's being played (in my opinion, again) better than it has ever been played before.

Without, if possible, desecrating any of the idols of the horn-rimmed set at Condon's and without incurring, if possible, the wrath of Mitch Miller (I regard him as the worst thing that has happened to music, if not to the cash register, in 100 years) may I respectfully ask that the critical purists raise their heads, step outside for a breath of fresh air, and cock their ears to the jazz world of 1955?

I'm sure they'll agree that the "sound," as they say, ain't bad.

Not bad at all.

WEDDING BELLES (Continued from page 19)

who knows? To be perfectly frank, if S-dash-X ever reared its head between you, she might go overboard, might lose her head, might spoil it all by falling in love. You don't want anything like *that* to threaten your freedom, and neither does she. She might become completely female and make a scene and you'd wind up hating her or breaking her heart. In this case — best to stick to platonic stuff, don't you think? Her hand rests on your knee.

By now, you'd hang by your toes from the top of the Empire State Building — or do anything else she asked — anything *but* keep it on a "bachelor buddy" basis. Through blurred, contented excitement you see the trap springing, but you don't care. You hear yourself saying words you swore never to say. But she reminds you it would be taking unfair advantage of you. Let's be honest — you don't *really* want a wife, a permanent arrangement. You've said so many times. This is just a mood of the moment. Tomorrow you'd hate her if she said "yes." All you want is freedom, and she understands. So does she. She doesn't want to fall in love with you and be trapped by emotional hassels.

"Freedom," she says. Suddenly you think about your "freedom." A cold,

dingy, messy apartment. Lousy meals you either fix yourself, or eat out and pay ten prices for. Having to look for "companionship" not half as fine as this, and putting out much loot for entertainment to get it. And no TV set of your own.

So you keep begging her, persuading her that freedom is a "nowhere deal," that being together is the thing, especially when you both feel the same way about each other. And finally she sighs "yes," reluctantly, adding, "but only if you're sure it's what *you* want."

Someone — you're not sure who, later — suggests wouldn't it be mad fun to just elope now and surprise the gang. Go across the state line where you get married without waiting. Since you're going to do it anyway, no use waiting.

Only, on the way back, practically sober, after the I-Do's have been said, glimmerings of light filter through. Dimly, a pattern emerges behind casual questions in past conversation. Favorite foods? You remember laughing you never *could* get your favorite — stuffed baked pork chops — in restaurants. Your interests — the magazine — the TV program? Umhmm. But the other favorite tidbits and recipes? Then you remember she told you all about her little hometown one night, and asked about yours. And you told her, and said Mom still was living

there in Gosh Hollow.

You sense that when you phone Mom to tell her you're married, she'll say she's glad it's this girl, because obviously she likes you a lot. Why, she wanted so much to please you that awhile back she wrote a note, introduced herself, and said she would like a list of your favorite foods — and recipes — for a party the gang was going to give you.

But even now you see the whole bit, it doesn't seem like treachery or deceit. Actually it's kind of cute and wonderful. You look down at the pretty little sleepy dark head and think that this girl — who could have a hundred guys if she stayed free — has turned her freedom over to you for good. She must really be gone on you to go to all that trouble to please you. Even if she borrowed the furniture you like from the guy next door and had to take it back tomorrow, the two of you can buy more like it to furnish *your* apartment, when you find one.

So the momentary trapped feeling vanishes. This is the kind of girl a guy needs looking after his interests. And she really *can* cook too. So you push the gas down to get home faster. Her skin really is as soft as it looks. And, after all, a guy has to settle down some time. This "bachelor" stuff is for the birds.

Texas Arithmetic!



Two vacationing ESCAPADERS, one a tall Texan and the other a short Kansan, had become, in the course of their stay in a small Mexican town, involved in a series of social contests which proved only that each could hold about the same amount of liquor and play poker to a stand-off.

The Texan, unwilling to admit the equality of anyone from Kansas, proposed another sort of competition, involving two girls from the local bordello. Under a gentleman's agreement to keep a proper score, each retired to his room with his lady of light virtue.

In the morning, the confident Texan called upon his friendly Kansas rival, and noted three vertical lines drawn in lipstick on the wall above the bed.

"My Gawd," he drawled. "A honderd an' eleven! You win — Ah could only make it a honderd an' two!"

SHANGHAI LOLA

(Continued from page 22)

overflowing with thousands of newcomers, who did not know or had not been informed of the Lola legend.

That is why she was able in a few short weeks to charm a young British naval officer, barely out of his teens, to such an extent that he actually married her. This was a new experience in Lola's varied career.

But her fame was too notorious to permit the venture to last, and as soon as the authorities discovered the unfortunate youth's step, the British consulate stepped in and the marriage was quickly annulled. The officer happened to come from an exceedingly old and proud lineage.

Lola accepted a suitable financial settlement with a fateful shrug of her ample shoulders and obligingly dropped out of competition. For a few brief months after the war she had once again demonstrated the power of her wiles, and now she was content to retire from the limelight which she had enjoyed so long.

Good-naturedly she faced the austere officials, none of the fire dimmed in her eye nor the brazenness edged from her bearing.

"Ok. You've got rid of me now," she said, "but I'll be around — as long as Shanghai lasts."

The decade and a half since Pearl Harbor have wrought such revolutionary changes in Shanghai's way of life that one looks back today on Lola's career in the by-gone 'thirties with some measure of unbelief, if not actual distaste. It must be remembered, however, that she held sway in a lusty era, unhampered by the social conventions of other big cities and spiced by the surging emotions of hundreds of nationalities in the great melting pot of the Orient.

Lola may yet wind up a respectable married woman. Yet no matter how deep she sinks into obscure respectability in years to come — as many courtesans have done — she will always remain in the memory of the Shanghai-lander as a vivid symbol of a heart-warming, colorful and adventurous period in a great city's history.



HENRY CLIVE (Continued from page 26)

The transition from the footlights to the drawing board came about in an odd manner. Henry had designed the cover for a program for one of Florenz Ziegfield's shows in New York and it caught the eye of William Randolph Hearst. The newspaper magnate liked Clive's work so much that, in one of his famous split-second decisions, he decided to hire the actor then and there to do the covers for the *American Weekly*, Hearst's far-flung Sunday magazine supplement.

Henry tells an amusing story of how he was wooed and won by Hearst's art director. (At first Clive thought the whole thing was a practical joke dreamed up by his actor friends, and it took him several days before he became convinced that Hearst really meant business.)

Another interesting sidelight is told by Henry about his debut as an artist. Shortly after he had succumbed to the Hearst lure, Clive was taken by his *American Weekly* Art director boss to a studio which had been rented for him. The apartment was beautifully furnished, he recalls, (including a goodly stock of expensive liquor) and the two men proceeded to partake of a few libations to celebrate Clive's new status in life.

Finally, the art director left and Henry started to contemplate a beautifully appointed artist's drawing board which had been set up for him — complete with nice, clean, unsullied paper. He was staring somewhat uncertainly at this when there was a delicate tap at the door.

Henry opened the door to admit a gorgeous young redhead attired most provocatively. The luscious dish informed the startled embryo artist that she was an "artist's model" and had heard that he had just moved in. Would he be interested in her posing for him in the altogether? she asked.

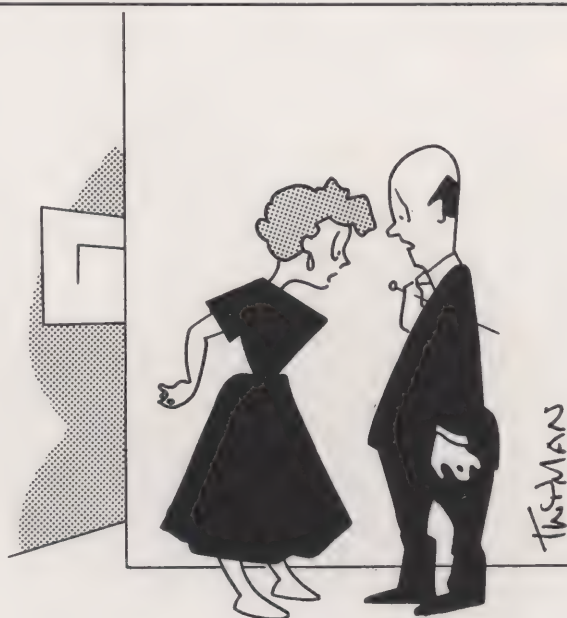
Clive tells his friends today that his impressions at the moment went something like this:

"This beats acting any day. You don't even have to look for them . . . they come to you!"

Clive then started an association with the Hearst enterprises which lasted for 34 consecutive years, and glorified the American girl on canvas much as Flo Ziegfield had glorified her body on the stage. It brought him fame, money and the friendship of many of the greats of literature, show business and the arts.

Today Henry is still very active, doing portraits, murals and considerable magazine work. He lives and works most of the year at his Palm Springs retreat — a romantic hide-out in the true tradition of the creative artist. Other times he can be found in Laguna Beach, on the California coast, or in Hollywood — where his friends are numbered among the great of motion pictures.

Far from retiring, Henry Clive today is a living example of the American inspiration for success.



"Honey, see the charming stickpin your dear mother just gave me."

"Of course not. Being a doctor of the medical science, in addition to my many other activities, I need absolute freedom. Now, if you feel that you cannot place yourself in my hands, perhaps it would be better if I—"

"Oh, please don't go!" Effie cried, pulling him back to the sofa beside her. "You know I have complete confidence in your abilities, Professor Eaton, I know you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't do what?" he asked, looking down at her again.

"Oh, Professor Eaton! I'm just a young girl!"

"Well," he said, "if you are ready to place yourself entirely in my hands, I can proceed with my diagnosis. Otherwise—"

"I was only teasing you, Professor Eaton!" Effie said, squeezing his hand. "Of course, I trust you. You are such a strong man, and I know you wouldn't take advantage of a weak young girl like me. If you didn't take care of me, I'd more than likely run away with myself."

"Absolutely," he said. "Now, if you will continue removing the—"

"There is only this left, Professor Eaton," Effie said. "Are you sure it will be all right?"

"Absolutely."

"But I feel so—so bare, Professor Eaton."

"Tis only natural to feel like that," he said, comforting her. "A young girl who has never before experienced the—"

"Experienced the what?"

"Well—as I was saying—"

"You make me feel so funny, Professor Eaton. And are you sure—"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely."

"I've never felt like this before. It feels like—"

"Just place yourself completely in my hands, my dear young girl, and I promise nothing will—"

Without warning the parlor door was thrown open and Effie's brother, Burke, came in. Burke was the town marshal.

"Is dinner ready, Effie?" Burke asked, standing in the doorway and trying to accustom his eyes to the near-darkness of the parlor. "It's a quarter after twelve and—"

Burke stopped in the midst of what he was saying and stared at Effie and Professor Eaton. Effie screamed and pushed Professor Eaton away from her. He got up and stood beside Effie and the sofa, looking first at Burke and then at Effie. He did not know what to do. Effie reached for the things she

had thrown aside. Professor Eaton bent down and picked up something and threw it to her.

The room suddenly appeared to Professor Eaton to be as bright as day.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Burke said, coming slowly across the floor. His holster hung from his right hip, and it swung heavily as he swayed from step to step. "I'll be damned!"

Professor Eaton shifted the weight of his body to his other foot, and Burke's hand dropped to the top of the holster, his fingers feeling for the pearl handle that protruded from it.

Effie snapped a safety-pin and ran between Burke and Professor Eaton. She was still not completely dressed, but she was fully covered.

"What are you going to do, Burke?" she cried.

"That all depends on what the professor is going to do," Burke said, still fingering the pearl handle on the pistol. "What is the professor going to do?"

"Why, Professor Eaton and I are going to be married, Burke," she said. "Aren't we, Professor Eaton?"

"I had not intended making known the announcement of our engagement and forthcoming marriage at this time," he said, "but since we are to be married very shortly, Effie's brother should by all means be the first to know of our intentions."

"Thanks for telling me, professor," Burke said. "It had better by a damn sight be forthcoming."

Effie ran to Professor Eaton and locked her arms around his neck.

"Oh, do you really mean it, Professor Eaton? I'm so happy I don't know what to do! But why didn't you tell me sooner that you really wanted to marry me? Do you really and truly mean it, Professor Eaton?"

"Sure," Burke said; "he means it."

Burke backed across the room, one hand still around the pearl handle that protruded from the cow-hide holster. He backed across the room and reached for the telephone receiver on the wall. He rang the central office and took the receiver from the hook.

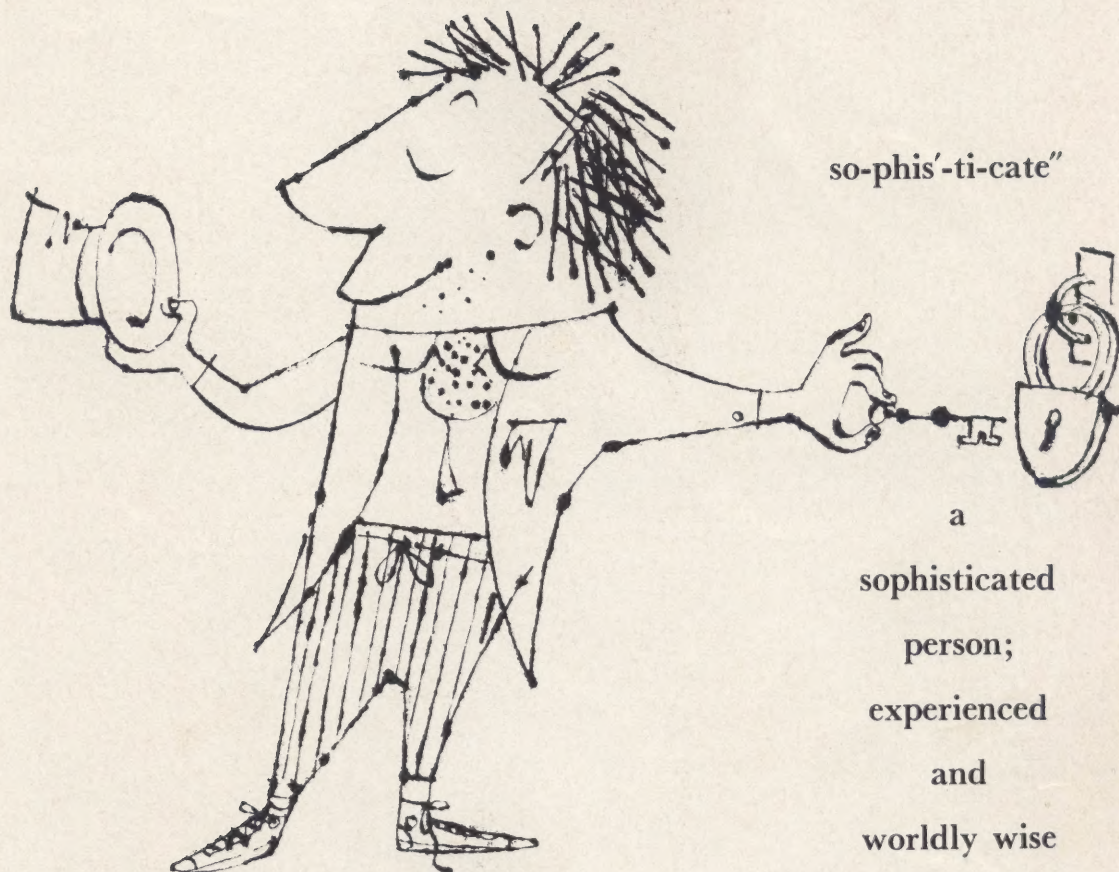
"Hello, Janie," he said into the mouthpiece. "Ring up Reverend Edwards for me, will you, right away."

"Just to think that I'm going to marry a traveling herb doctor!" Effie said. "Why! All the girls in town will be so envious of me they won't speak for a month!"

"Absolutely," Professor Eaton said, pulling tight the loosened knot in his tie and adjusting it in the opening of his celluloid collar. "Absolutely. Indian Root Tonic has unlimited powers. It is undoubtedly the medical and scientific marvel of the age. Indian Root Tonic has been known to produce the most astounding results in the annals of medical history."

Effie pinned up a strand of hair that had fallen over her forehead and looked proudly upon Professor Eaton.





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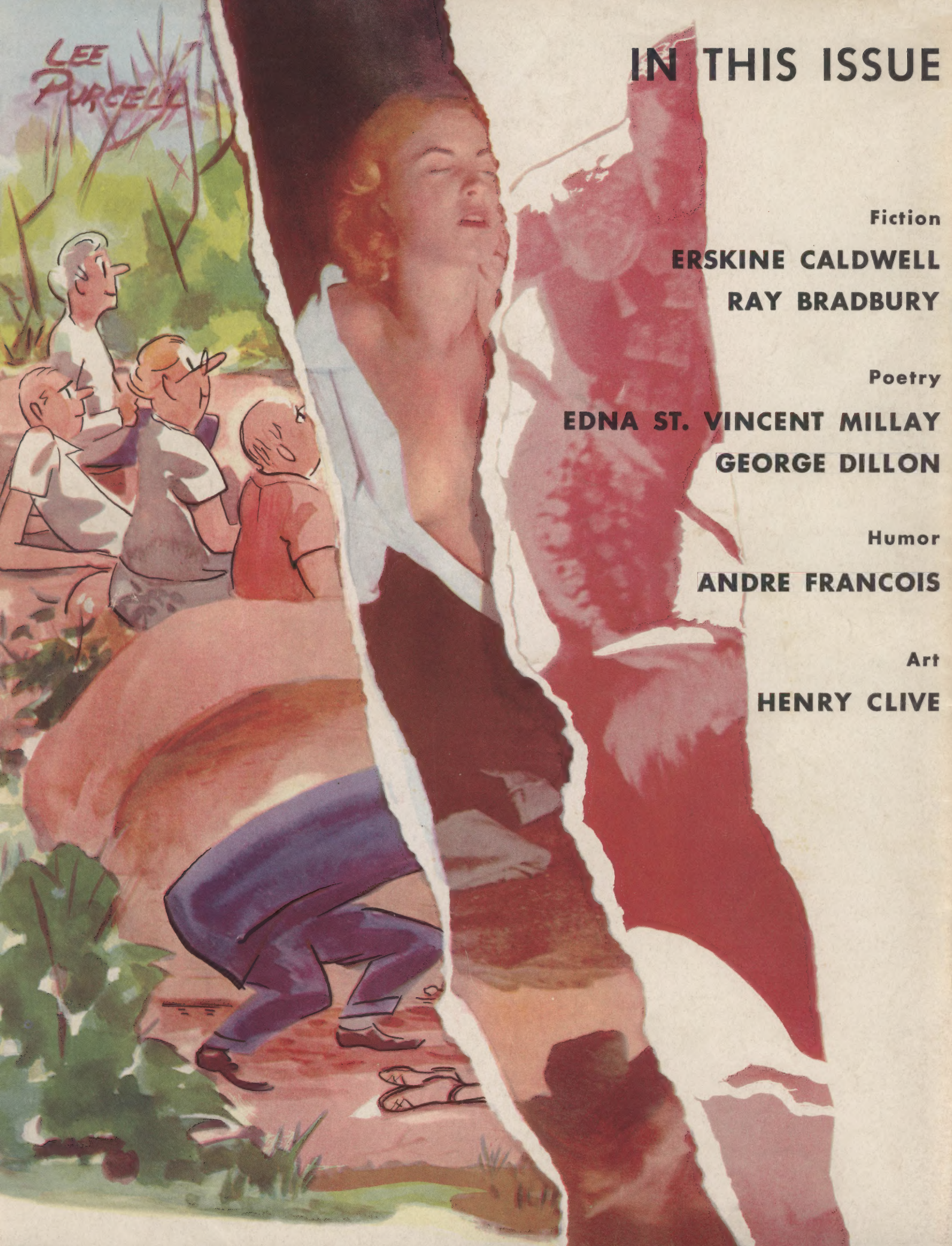
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